

THE

National AND ENGLISH Review

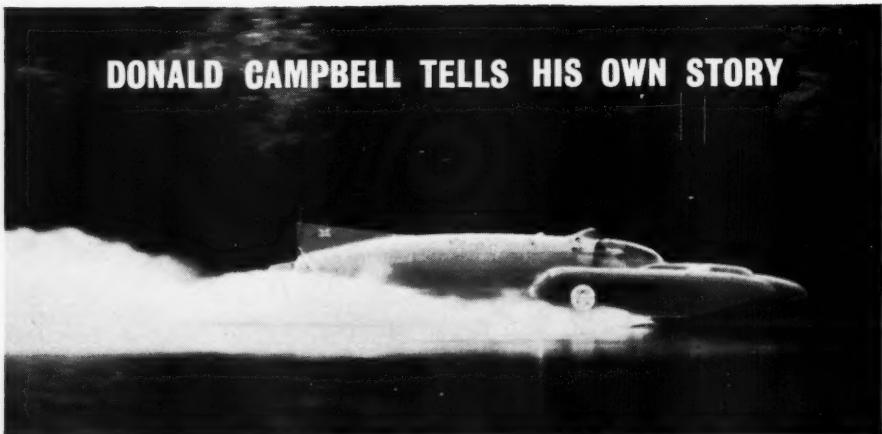
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A NEW RECORD Naturally I'm proud and happy to have managed to break the world water speed record for the fifth time. I meant to top 245 m.p.h. this time and I've done it. And I'm more than grateful to everyone who helped to make this possible. To Leo Villa, my chief engineer. To all the others who worked with me. **And to The British Petroleum Company, whose fuels and lubricants were used for Bluebird's successful run.**

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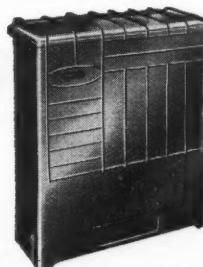


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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

THE CHALLENGE

Christianity should not depend upon anniversaries, and it is indeed painfully obvious that the universal celebration of Christmas in Britain and other supposedly Christian countries owes more to the very natural desire for a holiday and a beano than to any deep interest in the event which Christmas Day commemorates. Church services, whatever the denomination, have themselves become a form of "Christmas fare"—predictable in their music and liturgy, and in the sentiments expressed by preachers. The theme of "peace on earth, goodwill towards men" is well attuned to the mood of conviviality and gastronomic indulgence with which Christmas Day is chiefly associated. Jesus Christ, whose "official" birthday it is, becomes in the subconscious minds of his professed followers a rather less well-fed and well-dressed version of Santa Claus. He is the benefactor, the man who "came down to earth from heaven" bearing the gifts of personal immortality and salvation, and in whose honour a good time may be had by all. The true challenge of this strange, incandescent, remote yet ever-present individual is conveniently overlooked.

What is his challenge? First of all, it is a challenge to the minds of those who have received his *afflatus*, who are aware, intuitively, of his sovereign importance. They must wrestle with the meaning of the Gospel, and face not only its many improbabilities (for faith is founded on improbability) but also its manifold contradictions. They must not shirk the fact that at some moments Christ appears as the Jewish

fundamentalist, full of sound and fury, basing his morality upon the threat of penalties or the promise of rewards, while at others he is the "pitying, loving saviour", infinitely compassionate and speaking in the name of a God who is infinitely merciful. These two aspects of Christ are irreconcileable except on the assumption that he was, like other human beings, imperfect; that he was partly the slave of his own environment and traditional beliefs. When this hypothesis is conceded his original genius seems more, not less, marvellous than before; since there is less to wonder at in a god who by some freak of metaphysical procreation becomes a man, than in a man who through the effort of his own personality behaves like a god.

It will be some years, no doubt, before the logic of this view of Christ is borne in upon the great body of Christians and potential Christians, but it should eventually enable Christianity to convert the world, since it will be free from the exclusiveness and thaumaturgical dogmatism which now disfigure all the Christian orthodoxies. Meanwhile there must be a growing tolerance, not only between the many sects into which the Church is divided, but also between all manner of Christian dogmatists on the one hand and Christian agnostics or free-thinkers on the other. Dr. Alec Vidler has recently said, in answer to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that he has not been able to observe that orthodox Christians are any more virtuous, on the whole, than agnostics of his acquaintance; and he stressed the need for more agnosticism in

NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

the Church. These were brave words from a Doctor of Divinity and the present editor of *Theology*.

But Christian free-thinkers must also examine their position and purge it of cant and nonsense. There has been much silly talk about the "Christian ethic", as something which can exist independently of Christian faith. That such a fallacy should have arisen is in a sense understandable, because many who have felt the inspiration of Christ, and have wished to follow him, when confronted with all the conventional apparatus of Christian faith—as developed and maintained by the churches—have instinctively recoiled from it and have leapt to the conclusion that they were themselves without faith. But in fact it is absurd to practise Christian morality unless a transcendental view of life is accepted. The commandment that one should love one's neighbour as oneself derives from the commandment that one should love God: any man who holds that the Creator is nonexistent, or evil, must be mad to be influenced by the precepts of Christian charity. St. Paul's resounding question: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" may be stated the other way round: "If God be against us, who can be for us and why should we be for anyone but ourselves?" The Christian free-thinker is a Christian believer *malgré lui*—though he can as yet find little or no satisfaction in the creeds and ritual of the orthodox faithful.

Apart from the challenge of faith, there is also the challenge of sincerity. How much do those who pay lip-service to their religion at Christmas time really care about the words of the Master? How closely do they relate the lessons of the New Testament to their own personal behaviour and the

national policies for which they are ultimately responsible? There is, for instance, no place for racialism, or the abuse of power, in the conduct of any Christian people. Have the British any reason to feel an inner glow of self-righteousness as they settle in their pews or, still deeper, in their postprandial armchairs on Christmas Day?

Cynical Pedantry at the U.N.

THEY must remember, first, the cynical pedantry of the British delegate at the United Nations who voted against a resolution calling upon the Government of South Africa to reconsider its policy of *Apartheid*. Only four other nations voted against the resolution, which was carried by an overwhelming majority.

In an attempt to justify his vote, Mr. Gilbert Longden, M.P., argued that Article 2(7) of the Charter forbids the U.N. to intervene in the domestic affairs of any member-nation. And he went on to say: "It has become a common enough practice in the modern world to disregard the law merely because political considerations dictate another course: but it is not a practice which I should like to see this country pursuing". This from a man who gave his full support to the Government's Suez policy, by which both the letter and the spirit of the U.N. Charter were violated! It is only possible to acquit Mr. Longden of gross hypocrisy on the assumption that he was suffering from amnesia when he wrote those words. *The Times*, which published the letter containing them, did not take Mr. Longden to task in the leader winding up the correspondence; nor did it uphold Father Huddleston's initial protest. Yet even if the legalistic argument is valid (and there is dispute among experts as to what constitutes intervention), there is still no shadow of an excuse for the British vote, which was bound to give the impression that the British Government was endorsing *Apartheid*. The obvious way to avoid giving that impression, granted Mr. Longden's view of the strict technicalities, was to abstain from voting, while explaining that failure to vote for the resolution did not indicate any sympathy with the South African Government's racial policy. It is incredible that the gross blunder—if indeed it was a blunder—of the vote against the resolution has not attracted more comment and condemnation in the British Press.

NEXT MONTH

The Crying Need for Penal Reform

by

H. Montgomery Hyde, M.P.

* * *

Dossier No. 9: R. A. Butler

EPISODES OF THE MONTH



A.P.

PISTOL PRACTICE (BRITISH CIVILIANS HAVE NOW BEEN ARMED IN CYPRUS).

Red on the Map

Christmas revellers must also spare a thought for Cyprus, which has been kept red on the map through the effusion of human blood—Cypriot and British. The dense stupidity of British politicians and officialdom, combined with an obstinate desire that the island should remain a British military base, is responsible for the present disastrous situation, and no amount of moral indignation, however justifiable, which is worked up against Eoka terrorists, can remove the ultimate blame from those to whom history will assign it.

This is not, after all, a problem with which we are unfamiliar. As a nation we have had to deal before now with the nationalism of others. Sometimes we have handled it wisely; more often we have mishandled it and provoked bitterness and bloodshed. By now we should have learnt wisdom. In particular, we should have learnt that every nationalist movement is apt to produce its extremists and its thugs, whose beastly acts must not, however, distract attention from the reality and force of the movement itself. The case of Ireland, which resembles that of Cyprus in so

many ways, is a classic example; and the "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right" propaganda is tragically comparable with the encouragement which has been given to Turkish intransigence in Cyprus. The present division of Ireland is a monument to the folly of British statesmen, and Cyprus may well provide a monument of yet more terrible reproach, because Cyprus, unlike Ireland, does not lend itself to partition. The Government will only make matters worse so long as they continue to treat Turkey as a party to the dispute, and the Opposition will earn the contempt of posterity if they pull their punches in this controversy for fear of losing votes at the next General Election.

Berlin Again

WITH startling suddenness, the centre of the Cold War has shifted back to Europe. After nine years of uneasy truce, which has lasted since the end of the blockade in 1949, the Berlin question has been raised again. It would not appear that the Russians contemplate at the moment a renewed blockade of Berlin; the holding up of American transport on the *Autobahn* is quite common still, even

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though the hold-up on November 15th lasted a good deal longer than usual. They have now found a much better way to bring matters to a head.

One of the aims of Soviet policy in Germany has always been to force Western recognition of the East German Government. If they now hand over their powers to Ulbricht, the Western position in Berlin will be dependent only on the goodwill of the Pankow regime, and any change in the position regarding free access to the city by road, rail, and air corridors would have to be dealt with by the Western Powers direct with Pankow. This in itself would give Pankow the necessary status to move forward to the next stage in the Soviet plan, which has always been the setting-up of an all-German Commission on which Bonn and Pankow, despite great disparity in population and size, would have equal representation.

A subsidiary motive is undoubtedly the continued flow of refugees from East Germany through Berlin to the West, which has deprived East Germany of some of her best citizens. The sealing off of the sector boundaries in the city would be extremely difficult; it has certainly never been possible hitherto, and though the underground railway, which has been the main escape route, could perhaps be closed, the numerous ruins along the boundary would be impossible to police. Though land supplies to the city could be interrupted, it is hard to conceive that the Russians would allow their German henchmen deliberately to risk a world war by shooting down planes in the Corridor, if another air-lift became necessary. (Such an air-lift would be a great deal more difficult than last time, owing to the increased industrial capacity of West Berlin; but, with the greater carrying capacity of modern aircraft, it would not be impossible.)

We are bound to remark that the Russians are once again able to profit from the foreign policy deficiencies of the West. The non-recognition of Eastern Germany has been criticized in these columns, since it is inconsistent with the recognition of other satellite Governments. That Dr. Adenauer should be allowed to shackle his NATO partners in this respect is quite intolerable: the Germans have done extremely well out of the peace so far and their reunification must not take precedence over other and weightier diplomatic considerations.

EPISODES OF THE MONTH



BORIS PASTERNAK RECEIVES THE NEWS OF HIS NOBEL PRIZE.

Planet News.

The Pasternak Affair

THOUGH the decision of the Nobel Prize Committee to award this year's prize for literature to Boris Pasternak was not unexpected, it provoked a violent reaction in Moscow. To some extent, this seems to have arisen from jealousy: Pasternak is the first Russian author to be awarded the prize, and the fact that he has succeeded where much more orthodox writers, such as Gorky, Shokolov, or even Ehrenburg, have not, was bound to cause trouble. But the hostile words—some of them excessive even for a State where obloquy is always larger than life—were undoubtedly inspired also by fury at the award of the world's greatest prize to the author of a book which is banned in the Soviet Union. (Incidentally, it is piquant to note what an intimate knowledge so many Russians had of *Dr. Zhivago* which, if they had been good Communists, they could never have seen!)

In fact, the Nobel Committee was most careful not to award the prize for *Dr. Zhivago*. The citation referred to Pasternak first and foremost as a poet and translator, and no reference was made to the novel, which was his first prose work.

But the Muscovite authors were not deceived; Pasternak's poems and translations were all published many years ago, and the sensation which his first prose work has aroused throughout the non-Communist world was enough to convince Moscow that this was an imperialist plot. None of them seemed to grasp the elementary point that *Dr. Zhivago* is, in fact, one of the finest novels to come out of Russia for a long time, and certainly among the principal works to be published anywhere in the world this year.

Pasternak's reaction was typical of the man. He has always refused to be intimidated: even during the Stalin purge before the War he was the one prominent author who refused to sign the odious accusations which were then being circulated against prominent literary men. At no time in this controversy has he made any attempt to apologize for having written *Dr. Zhivago*; when he finally declined the prize, he still refused to crawl, and the main motive behind his recantation—if it can be so described—was obviously his fear that he might be exiled from his beloved homeland.

By their childish behaviour, the orthodox Soviet authors have only succeeded in raising Pasternak's reputation.

WHAT IS OUR NATIONAL RELIGION?

By the REV. CLIFFORD O. RHODES

Man never does, in reality, live by bread alone. Religion is neither a choice nor a necessity. It is a fact of human nature like sex or hunger. The archetypal patterns at the basis of the psyche and the inner conflicts and needs express themselves in external forms as surely as pain expresses itself in a groan or the sense of humour in laughter. If they cannot find satisfaction in the imagery of the supernatural they peg themselves on to secular experiences. Where acknowledgement of the Holy Trinity is discouraged they create for themselves Marx the Father, Lenin the Son and Stalin the Holy Ghost. Recently Khrushchev has driven Stalin from the pantheon and, like Satan before him, he now rules over the myrmidons of some materialist's hell. There is no need to suppose imitation. The process occurs spontaneously. It is as characteristic of primitive as of civilized societies. When the horrid rituals of Mau Mau became known strong resemblances were observed between them and the cults of the South Sea Islanders, the Yogi and even the Teddy Boy gangs of London.

Myth and ritual are the normal manifestations of religion and they depend upon each other. But the myth of the supernatural is now in decline. Ever since the end of the mediaeval period in Europe the use of inductive reasoning has been eroding it away. After Roger Bacon had written and Galileo and Copernicus had observed, it was no longer possible for educated people to believe that the craters of the volcanoes were the gateways to hell or that the crimson of the westering sun was the reflection of its flames. The process continued. The suggestion contained in machinery and technics conditioned the minds of the broad masses of the people. Even more inexorably than the upper classes they drew the logical conclusion and stayed away from Church.

Supernatural religion ceased to be the dope of the proletariat and became the hobby of the bourgeoisie. In the churches themselves we seldom, now, sing the old hymns of the hereafter. Clergy rarely sub-

mit sermons on the nature of immortality to the B.B.C. The manoeuvres of the celestial hosts are an antiquary's curiosity, and who can believe in God, seated upon his throne beyond the skies, surrounded by his archangels, when a sputnik might fly up at any moment and knock him off?

To see through the myth to the fundamental truths it clothes or conceals requires a spiritual discernment not given to the majority. It is for those who have faith that they possess these truths to find new symbolic and cultic means of conveying them, that will fascinate the multitudes as did the old Christian myths in their day. But we are not doing so—any of us. There is none who would seriously claim to know the answer and comparatively few who show any deep appreciation of the problem. The people are being left to find their own way. Perhaps 15 per cent, of the population of this country retain more than a tenuous connection with the churches and probably about 5 per cent. could be regarded as committed Christians.

But the forces that compelled the creation of the traditional myths are still operating. They are as much a part of human nature as any other form of thought or feeling or imagination. How are they expressing themselves among the English? Temporary father-figures arise from time to time, such as Churchill and Macmillan. Conformity to an archetypal pattern is now an essential qualification for effective political leadership. Up to the present politicians in this country have had to make their way to the vacant throne by their own gifts of personality. But we are learning. In the United States, already, candidates for high office employ the great advertising agencies with all their paraphernalia of motivation research to project them as the Great Father, the Prince Charming of the fairy tales, the warrior-saviour or whatever else is likely to have psychological appeal. To look and act the part is the main requisite. Statesmanship and ability are relatively unimportant. Besides these, there is a whole host of film stars, actresses, teen-age idols

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and sportsmen, through whom the public vicariously fight their own conflicts, fulfil their ambitions, gratify their sexuality and stimulate their virility. The eternal strife between light and darkness is modernized into the division between Communism and the Free World.

Technology itself provides a plenitude of symbols. What finer phallic symbol could there be than a power station with its tall chimneys giving off a puff of white smoke, surmounting a massive envelope concealing sources of strength great enough to supply cities? The church spire is feeble by comparison. The machines at which men work have their male and female parts and the ship, the greatest "she" that was ever born, is the womb that protects from the storms of life; the mother-goddess. Technological man is as closely identified, subconsciously, with his artificial cosmos as ever was his primitive ancestor with the nature in which he saw his own emotional and anatomical qualities, and served them under the guise of his Baals and Astartes.

At the apex of the modern pantheon is the Monarchy, the core of contemporary English religion. Only the Monarchy can compete with the sportsmen and the entertainers in drawing vast crowds in deliberate worship. When Matt Busby's babies suffered calamity in an aircraft disaster last season the Manchester United ground for several Saturdays afterwards had the atmosphere of a moving religious service. The same can be said of the streets of London on the more important Royal occasions.

Most notable of all was the Coronation itself. The public prepared for the event almost like a devotee preparing his soul for the Mass. A solemn hush descended over the land. So religious in tone was it that even the most discerning churchmen were deceived. They thought this to be the beginning of a national return to the fold. But it should no more have been confused with that than the great National Day of Prayer after Dunkirk when it seemed as if the entire population went to church. The mystique of monarchy is in England religious in its own right. The religion of the Church is ancillary to it, but not determinative. The Monarchy could survive without the Church of England. But the Church of England without the Establishment, the Monarchy at its head, would rapidly degenerate into a sect, not only for

legal and constitutional reasons but for spiritual reasons as well.

Monarchy in this country provides the supreme parental figure. It focuses the emotional life of millions. Despite innumerable sentimental newspaper articles on the subject surprisingly little is known of the personal lives of the Queen or the Duke or any of the Royal Family. The general public do not really know what kind of people they are. They can only guess and speculate, for example, on how Princess Margaret and her sister behave towards each other. We deal in the appearances assumed for the public benefit. What happens in Buckingham Palace and at Sandringham is almost a closed book. But that does not matter very much. What is important is that the Royal Family should fulfil the formula.

In all this there is a strong element of atavism. Elsewhere, in all but a few countries, monarchy has gone and even in those few it has comparatively little mystique. A President would do just as well. Here the mystique of monarchy seems to have developed more as the power of orthodox religion has declined. The needs that found satisfaction in images of the saints or lush hymns about the white-robed immortals are now met by magazine covers of the Duke or pin-ups of the Queen. The primitive significance of monarchy has returned and has exploited modern techniques instead of being destroyed by them.

In some early cultures it is probable that the witch doctor or priest developed into the chief and, ultimately, the king. The connection between kingship and priesthood, monarchy and cult, was always strong. In England the Queen is both monarch and head of the Church of England. She is crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury with the acclamation of her subjects. In ancient Akkad the king was re-appointed year by year under the direction of the god, conveyed through omens. In Old Testament times the early kings were chosen and anointed by the prophet Samuel, and were always "the Lord's Anointed". The Queen, also, was anointed at her Coronation. There were African tribes in which the king was so hedged about with ritual and magic as virtually to be a prisoner on his throne. Calamity would ensue if the chains of ceremonial were broken. Sometimes it seems as if Court etiquette would push our own

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Royalty into the same absurd position. The later Roman emperors consciously assumed divinity. In England Royalty has divinity thrust upon it.

One of the main contributions the Hebrews made to religion was the association of ethics with godhead. Elsewhere morality was irrelevant to divinity. In twentieth-century England the observance of the social conventions in the most rigorous form is part of the archetypal pattern of monarchy. Monarch and spouse must be very careful how they enjoy themselves. It is deliciously exciting when the Duke of Edinburgh plays polo on Sunday and the funds of the Lord's Day Observance Society benefit considerably from this deviation. A royal love affair outside the normal course arouses tumultuous emotions and is a godsend to Fleet Street, in a very literal sense. But the archetypal pattern must be maintained. That is why the scandals of the family of George III did not shake the principle of monarchy, whereas the affairs of the Duke of Windsor and Princess Margaret did. A century and a half ago the Monarchy had not yet become a religion. It would require few such incidents to destroy the institution altogether.

When, in 1955, the Commonwealth Governments insisted that the hereditary principle should be maintained in its fullest rigour and that Princess Margaret should not be allowed to drop out of the succession, they did the worst possible damage to the cause they were trying to uphold. This means that there is almost sure to be a shattering scandal in every generation, for there can be no guarantee whatever that all members of the Royal Family will always conform to the archetype. It might be enough to end the Monarchy if the heir to the Throne were to turn out abominably ugly, or repulsively deformed, or stupid and tactless in dealing with people.

Despite its ancient origins and its basis in human nature, Royalty is a very fragile symbol. It belongs to an order of symbolism, associated with supernatural myth, which has largely crumbled away. But even the most stable symbols can be overworked or undermined, and lose their force. That may already be happening. It is not without significance that public criticism can now be made of the Throne without arousing more than mild interest except among fanatics*. More serious still, Royal processions are coming to be regarded as more of

a nuisance than a joy. They interfere with business and Royalty becomes less important than commerce. The English Monarchy could quite easily go the same way as Hollywood's fascination.

Unfortunately it is not now rooted in any strong social interest. Its foundation in the hereditary land-owning aristocracy has gone since new classes have taken the supremacy. A psychological basis is strong while it lasts but easily disintegrates. Yet, as a political institution, the Monarchy has an obvious value as a focus of unity above party warfare or sectional interest and transcending frontiers. As such it could be more representative than a President chosen by popular vote. This value should be made more clearly evident.

When a symbol begins to lose power people first ask, what use is it, and then they ask, why should we pay for it? The only way of ensuring the permanence of the Monarchy is to answer these questions before they are asked. Let us by all means preserve the hereditary principle. It does at least ensure that from time to time we shall have youth and charm at the centre of affairs as a change from patriarchal benignity. It does also, now and then, provide every grandparent with a dream child. Society cannot be expected to get along without its fairy tales. But there always has been an elective element in the Monarchy, as witness 1688. We have always had means of ridding ourselves of the unsuitable or the unwanted.

Let a Privy Council extended to include elder statesmen of all the Commonwealth nominate the heir from among the Royal Family. Or even let the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference do it. And then let the Court reside for longer periods in the Dominions, including their representatives among its advisers. A monarch who is a Commonwealth possession will justify his existence to the mind as much as one who is a glorified country squire does to the emotions. The mawkish sentimentality at present associated with the Crown might weaken and Fleet Street might lose a few tit-bits. The public would soon console themselves for that loss and in every other way the change would be pure gain.

CLIFFORD O. RHODES.

* From personal experience we can state that this is not true of the Monarchy: but it is, alas, true of the Church of England. — Ed.

Dossier No. 8

MICHAEL SCOTT

HE is slow-spoken, untidy, and seemingly vague, muddled and unsure of himself; his personality has none of the immediate glamour of a Huddleston, and his fame is as yet hardly comparable, in England, with that of a naturalist, popular artist and broadcaster who shares his surname. Yet Michael Scott will live in history as one of the decisive men of his age who, in the face of bitter opposition, and at first almost alone, threw a bridge across the gulf which divides Europeans from the subject peoples of Africa. His importance in twentieth-century Africa is no less than Livingstone's in the last century, and his work and struggle have the same motive that Livingstone's had—impassioned Christian faith.

Scott's Christianity transfuses his whole nature and keeps him steadily at work even when he seems, on the surface, most disconsolate and doubt-ridden. It is not of the obvious or orthodox kind. Indeed, it is compatible with a high degree of intellectual uncertainty, but this could never quench—it could scarcely touch—the inner fire. Another element in his make-up, of which he may not himself be fully aware, is his political intuition. It might be thought that he was a Christian who happened to be involved, unfortunately and incongruously, in politics, but this would not be a true picture of the man: he is in fact a thorough-going Christian politician. His judgment has not always been sound—for instance, he admits the error of his early attachment to the Communists—but even his apparent follies have often been connected with a sympathy or understanding more profound than is normally found among public men, and his instinct has on the whole served, and continues to serve, him well.

★ ★ ★

His father and paternal grandfather were both Anglican clergymen and he was born in a prosperous country parish where his father was curate. His father was a warm-hearted, athletic rather than scholarly man with strong High Church affiliations, but it was probably his mother, with her gentleness and humour yet unshakable resolution,

who was the dominant influence in the family. He was their third son and soon after his birth they moved to a slum parish in Southampton. Here in Northam, where ten thousand people lived in an area of half a square mile, he was to spend most of his childhood. He was brought up with the reality of suffering and poverty around him. When the River Itchen flooded in winter-time most of the local inhabitants were forced into upper rooms of their already overcrowded homes. His parents succeeded in making the vicarage a haven for all those in trouble and the dark, grim church a brighter and more welcoming place. Yet he horrified even them by playing with the local boys in the street. His mother deplored this "playing in the gutter", but he could not understand what he had done wrong and he was left, a little sadly, to his own devices. He went first to a day-school and then, like his brothers, to King's College, Taunton, where, as a senior prefect and member of the school rugby XV, he risked the ridicule of the small boys rather than inflict corporal punishment on them. After leaving school he found that he had chronic tuberculosis and was taken to Switzerland for an operation. The doctor thought that if the family had not moved a few years previously from Northam to Suffolk he would have died like thousands of others. On his return to England he was advised against studying medicine, as he had intended, in the damp climate of Oxford, with a view to being a doctor with the Universities Mission in Central Africa, and went instead to join a brother of one of his father's churchwardens, who was an archdeacon in the Cape Province of South Africa and in charge of a leper colony.

He worked for a year in the leper colony at St. Raphael's Faure and saw in the devotion and self-sacrifice of the South African nurses and teachers there, both white and black, qualities which could overcome racial prejudice, however instinctive it may be thought to be. He then went to St. Paul's College, Grahamstown, the theological college of the Anglican Church in South Africa. It seemed to him that in many ways

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the Anglican clergy tended to recreate in Africa the atmosphere of an English cathedral close, and were often very remote from African life. Some of his studies at college were, he felt, irrelevant, and he failed to satisfy the examiners in liturgiology. After two years in South Africa he returned to England to finish his training.

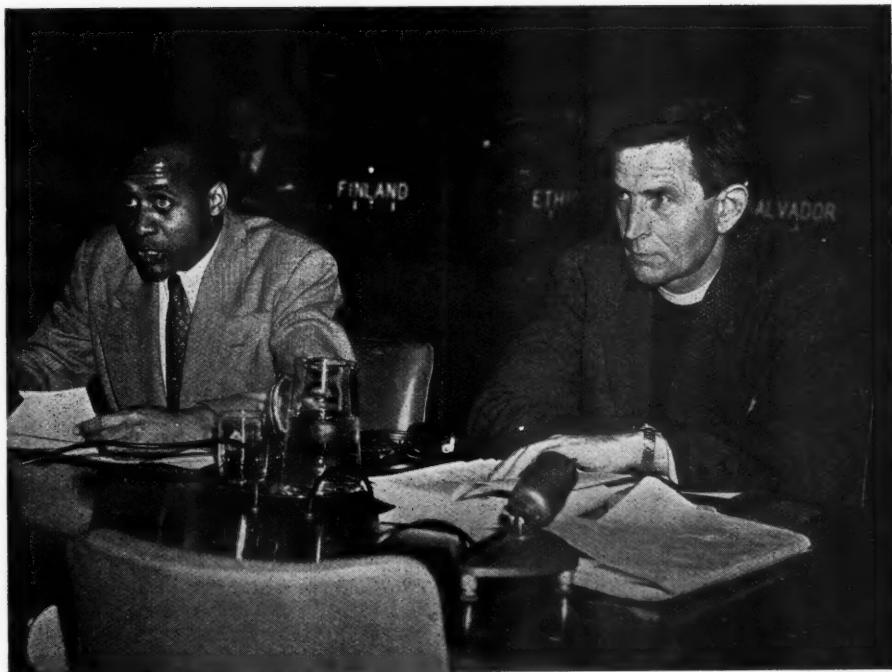
He was ordained a year later in 1930 by the late Bishop Bell of Chichester, and spent the next three years in fashionable parishes, first in Sussex and then in the West End of London. In these environments he felt he was becoming unaware of all the significant events of the world, and was glad to move to All Souls, Lower Clapton. There he talked to the leaders of the Hunger Marchers from the Tyneside and Scotland and became increasingly interested in Communist literature and ideas. He describes his association with Communism in the pre-war years, as he now sees it, in his latest book*. "There was growing up a form of dualism in my own mind and soul," he writes, "which perhaps could be traced back to the unhappy days in my father's slum parish. On the one hand the gospel of God's love for the world and Christ's redemption of it. On the other hand the real world of poverty, violence, filth and fear." He could not accept the materialist view of ethics, but he was prepared to help the Communists as long as to do so did not conflict with his conscience. He felt that if some Christians became Communists they might prevent Communism from degenerating into tyranny. As in the East End of London, so during the following years in India, he saw the weakness and dangers of orthodox Christianity when associated with repressive government. He was struck by the work of such people as Charles Andrews and Agatha Harrison, who tried to preserve a tenuous link between the Government and the Indian Nationalist leaders. He was also profoundly influenced by Gandhi's great doctrine of *satyagraha*.

He returned to England shortly before the outbreak of war, at first failed to see the significance of the Soviet-German treaty, but gradually realized, as he observed the tergiversations of Communists around him in the early part of the War, how irreconcilable were his aims with theirs. For a time he was an air-raid warden in London, then he joined the R.A.F. for a

year until he was invalidated out and, after two operations for ileitis, advised to return to South Africa. He worked in the diocese of Johannesburg, but soon found himself forced into a rebellious position. He says of the hierarchical disapproval he incurred: "I don't think there is any virtue in the sort of humility which always bows to the authority one usually respects". So he formed a committee in Johannesburg in 1944 which grew into the movement called the Campaign for Right and Justice. This movement aimed to expose the exact implications of Dr. Malan's nationalism and the sinister infiltration of the Afrikaner Broederbond into the economic, social and political life of the country. Many members of the United Party were prepared to support Scott in theory, but shirked any positive action. Scott was not prepared to compromise his principles, and he soon plunged into a line of consistent action which has led inevitably to his being banned from nearly all parts of the African continent which are ruled by white minority governments. In 1946 he joined the Passive Resistance Movement in Durban, protesting against the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Act, an omnibus measure aimed to evict all Indians from their urban properties. He stood with the Indian passive resisters on a plot of waste land in the centre of Durban awaiting an assault from European youths. The Indians were knocked down and kicked but did not retaliate; Scott was jeered at as a renegade priest. One Indian girl, who had probably never read the story of the Crucifixion, said to him: "It's not their fault, they don't know what they are doing". Ultimately Scott was imprisoned for three months on a conviction of trespassing and riotous assembly. In Durban gaol he had the time to question his own motives and to analyse his doubts, but he emerged with his convictions strengthened and his fears dismissed. On leaving prison he was asked by some ex-soldiers to investigate their conditions in Tobruk, a shanty-town outside Johannesburg. Living in Tobruk with the Africans he was able not only to observe their suffering, but to admire the gay courage with which they endured it. He also saw that most of the young criminals were not inherently wicked but the victims of brutal circumstances and of a system which not only denies the African political and religious rights but even ignores the fact that a man is a man.

* A TIME TO SPEAK. By the Revd. Michael Scott. Faber, 21s.

MICHAEL SCOTT¹



United Nations

MICHAEL SCOTT AND MBURUMBA K. GETZEN ATTENDING THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S 4th (TRUSTEESHIP) COMMITTEE, TO WHICH THEY HAD APPEALED ON BEHALF OF SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.
DECEMBER, 1956.

Scott's stand made him subject to the extremes of racial hatred on either side. His African friends in Tobruk narrowly saved him from assassination at the hands of a gang seething with blind anti-white prejudice. Similarly he had to be taken away in a police car to escape the fury of the Afrikaner farmers in the Bethal district after he had attempted to address them on the evils of the compound labour system.

But tirelessly he continued to expose injustice. He went to Basutoland to investigate the arrest of the executive members of a little political organization known as the Lekhotla la Bafo, or Assembly of the People. They were accused of starting a fire at the Roma Mission College in which four African children had died. The relatives of the accused appealed to him as they maintained that the charge was being fabricated by the police, who were mostly South Africans and consequently resented their determination to oppose any move by South Africa to incorporate the territory into the Union. When he visited the Roman Catholic fathers at Roma they said that as the fire had started on the second storey

they had assumed that it had been caused by a short circuit until the police appeared many weeks afterwards. He obtained a lawyer from Johannesburg to defend the accused and a few days later they were released from gaol and a new charge was brought against the Crown witness, who had himself only made the incriminating statement after weeks in prison. Scott was not so successful in his attempt to probe further into the arrest and eventual execution of various prominent chiefs on a charge of ritual murder. One feels that systematic enquiries made at that time by the British Government might have produced a better understanding of the spiritual upheaval in a tribal society such as that which led later to the Mau Mau revolt in Kenya.

In 1953 Scott was deported to England for upholding the venerable Chief Gomani of Nyasaland in his stand against the absorption of his country into the new Rhodesian Federation. He thought that whatever the merits of Gomani's case it should have been respected, and that much violence and ill-feeling might have been avoided if he had been allowed to explain to his people that he was courting imprisonment as a passive

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method of protest against the imposition of Federation. Gomani was a Christian set against violence, and to treat his action as similar to incipient Mau Mau-ism was to discredit moderation and leave the way open to extremists.

Now Scott is unable to return to South Africa or to the Rhodesian Federation. But each year he continues his persistent work in the United Nations on behalf of South-West Africa. Since 1947, when he was sent to Lake Success on behalf of the Hereros, he alone has kept up the case against the incorporation of South-West Africa as a fifth province of the Union. He has needed to canvass support in all quarters to ensure that the 350,000 Africans of this territory are not forgotten. Mr. Louw, the South African Foreign Minister, may claim that Scott's credentials are questionable, but he himself must now face the overwhelming vote in the General Assembly last month endorsing the paragraph in the resolution of the Fourth Committee on the report of the Good Offices Committee, in which it "expresses its deep concern regarding the social, economic and political situation now prevailing in the territory". The views of one whom Louw called the "self-appointed agent of a relatively small part of the

population of South-West Africa" have been largely vindicated by the representatives of fifty-nine countries out of sixty-one which voted. Only Mr. Gilbert Longden, M.P., the representative of Great Britain, voted against the resolution of the Fourth Committee as a whole—a curious rebuttal of an independent report made by a committee consisting of Sir Charles Arden-Clarke and two distinguished colleagues from the United States and Brazil.

In London, Scott is Director of the Africa Bureau. His experience of pleading the case of South-West Africa in England gave him an idea of the difficulties facing African deputations. The Africa Bureau was founded both to help such visitors, who might otherwise be overwhelmed by the intricacies of party politics or exploited by sectional interests, and at the same time to make people in England realize the nature and importance of African problems. He felt that if the Kikuyu chiefs who came to England in the 1930s to ask for moderate constitutional reforms had not been ignored in influential circles the history of Kenya would have been different, and the opportunity might not have arisen for the violent and primitive elements which ultimately brought about the Mau Mau revolt. Now the Africa Bureau fills a crucial gap and has support from members of all religious denominations and political parties.

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When Scott left South Africa in 1929, the warden of the Theological College in Grahamstown said to him: "You have never been able to make up your mind, dear man, and I don't think you ever will". He meant that Scott was unable to accept implicitly all that he had been taught, unable to immerse himself completely within a prescribed system. This in a very limited sense is true. While working for the Communists in India and Japan before the War he felt that it was still his religion which gave "meaning and wholeness" to his life. He was continually conscious not only of the dichotomy in his own mind but of the contrast between the courage and self-sacrifice of many Communists and their doctrine of economic self-interest. But he has never expressed his doubts with tepid enthusiasm and reluctant action. He has always shown that complete moral integrity which leads his enemies to call him a fanatic. Recently he took part in the protest march for Nuclear Disarmament to Aldermaston, and unlike

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many other protagonists he marched resolutely most of the way despite the weather and his own constant ill-health. Father Huddleston now admits that when he first went to South Africa he was inclined to go only half-way, to placate the ruling powers and to feel that his aims could be achieved by patience and tact. He felt that Scott's actions in Tobruk and Bethal tended to exacerbate the resentment between races. Later he realized that there was no time for equivocation, that the initiative no longer lay with the Europeans, and that the Christian Church could only hope to main-

tain any influence by taking a clear moral stand and dissociating itself completely from the idea of white domination. Even Ambrose Reeves, when he first became Bishop of Johannesburg, deprived both Scott and Huddleston of their general licences to work in his diocese. He too has changed, and is now an indomitable champion of the liberal cause.

★ ★ ★

All in all, it should now be apparent, though it is not yet recognized by the hierarchy in this country, that Michael Scott is one of the true Christian leaders of the age.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS

By DENYS SMITH

As a result of the November elections the Democrats now have 62 out of the 96 Senators, 13 more than in the last Congress and their highest total since 1940. They have 282 of the 435 members of the House, 47 more than they had in the last Congress and their highest total since 1936. They have a total of 34 of the 48 State Governors, their highest since 1936. This is written before the Alaska polls, which may add two more Senators, one more House Member and one Governor to the above totals.

The Democrats, in short, have won a great victory and the Republican Party has suffered a correspondingly great defeat. But the conclusion that there will be a Democratic President and Administration two years hence is too hasty. A split between the Southern and Northern wings of the Democratic Party over civil rights, or an attractive Republican Presidential candidate, or the two in combination, would change the picture. And even a Republican can learn from experience, though the assumption at times seems a little far-fetched.

This year's election results were the fulfilment of a trend which the election returns since 1952 make clear. In that year Eisenhower was elected President by a popular vote of nearly seven million. But he only carried along 221 Republican members with him into the House, a remarkably small number under the circumstances. It was clear that the voters liked Eisenhower more than they liked the Republican Party.

This became clearer still in 1954 when Republican membership in the House declined to 203, giving the Democrats a small majority. In 1956 Eisenhower was re-elected President by a greater popular majority than before, over nine million votes. But despite this Republican membership in the House declined again to 200. But for the pull of the Eisenhower coat-tails it would probably have been even smaller.

If the voters liked Eisenhower and the political philosophy which he expressed better than they liked the views and attitudes of the majority of Republican candidates, as they clearly did, the conclusion was obvious. Candidates of the Republican Party would have more chance of attracting a majority of the voters, as Eisenhower did, if they expressed the same general philosophy as Eisenhower.

Two years ago a start had been made in this direction and there was much talk of "modern Republicanism". The President himself placed remodelling the party alongside creating a basis for stable world peace as his two chief goals. Americans, as he saw it, were tired of extremes, whether of the Right or Left. By becoming a haven for the moderates the Republican Party would assure itself of a permanent majority for many years to come. But all that was forgotten this year. Instead of the Republican Party refashioning itself in the Eisenhower image, Eisenhower went campaigning in the party image. Eisenhower's personal appeal and popularity had done something to slow down the Republican

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decline in previous elections, but this year he identified himself with the old model Republican Party and Republican membership in the House fell precipitously this time from 200 to 153.

Modern Republicanism and the need to attract the moderates was forgotten. The leading exponent of modern Republicanism, Arthur Larson, who expressed its philosophy in *A Republican Looks at His Party*, was dropped from the White House staff several months before the election. Larson is now, the wags say, engaged on a sequel, *A Republican Looks for His Party*. Modern Republicanism's chief agent, Sherman Adams, was manoeuvred out of the White House by the Republican Party regulars when he became vulnerable through his association with the gift-giving Boston industrialist, Bernard Goldfine. There was nobody at the President's side to balance the influence and advice of the party chairman, Alcorn, or Vice-President Nixon, who to all intents and purposes took over control of the Party from its titular leader, Eisenhower, and instructed him how to behave.

In 1956 Nixon tried to throw off the impression left by his early political career and present himself as the statesmanlike exponent of modern Republicanism. This year he decided that a good rousing partisan approach was the best, perhaps the only, method of stirring up Republican Party workers and loosening the purse-strings of Republican campaign contributors. In doing so he was forced to neglect the lesson of past campaigns that only by winning over moderate voters could Republicans hope for majorities.

When Republican candidates were "moderates" they were more successful than Right-wing Republican candidates, particularly when their opponents were associated with the Democratic Left. When Republican candidates were young, attractive and vigorous they had a good chance, particularly if their Democratic opponents were colourless. In Arizona a likeable and vigorous Republican, Senator Goldwater, defeated a somewhat colourless opponent, even though Goldwater belongs to the Republican extreme Right. The voters in Pennsylvania showed their appreciation of modern Republicanism by electing Hugh Scott to the Senate and in Oregon by electing Mark Hatfield Governor, despite the general Democratic trend in both States.

The interplay of political forces was well illustrated by the contrasting results in California and New York. Rockefeller left Washington owing to policy differences with "the three H's"—Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury, Hoover, Under-Secretary of State, and Hollister, Foreign Aid Administrator—who were all to the Right of the Republican Centre. He combined moderate views with an attractive personality. His opponent, Governor Harriman, was associated with the Democratic Party's Left wing, so had less appeal to the floating moderate vote. The Democratic candidate for the Senate, Hogan, who was to the Right of Harriman lost to the Republican candidate Keating, another moderate, by a much smaller margin of votes. The lack of unity in the Democratic State organization, due to the different political colouration of its two chief candidates, also helped the Republicans.

In California you had almost exactly the same situation in reverse. The Democratic candidate for Governor, Pat Brown, was a moderate. Though personally popular he was hardly another Rockefeller, but the general national trend favoured him. His opponent, Senator Knowland, belonged to the Republican Right. He suffered a more crushing defeat than Governor Knight, a moderate, who was Republican candidate for the Senate. The split in the State Republican organization also helped the Democratic candidates.

One point of difference between Knight and Knowland, as between Right-wing and moderate Republicans elsewhere, was their attitude towards "right to work" referenda which were before the voters in six States. The plan was to make the "union shop" illegal. It was about as pointless an ideological gesture as would have been the contrary proposal to make the union shop compulsory by law, which no Left-wing Democrats were misguided enough to suggest. It not only estranged the moderates but brought out the union organizations in full strength to defeat the candidates who supported the proposal.

Rockefeller's victory in New York, as well as supplying an alternative to Nixon as Republican Presidential candidate in 1960, has had one other significant result. It has made a Democratic victory in New York two years hence doubtful, so that the Democrats must count on winning the Presidency without New York and its big

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electoral vote. The Northern and more liberal wing of the Democratic Party, to which the new members belong, has therefore a practical reason for being conciliatory to the Southern wing and trying to avoid a party split over the civil rights issue.

Lyndon Johnson of Texas and his fellow moderate Southerners will do their best to hold the Party together. Johnson moved quickly to outline a legislative programme for the new Congress which made no mention of civil rights. His hope is to keep the Democrats so busy with matters on which they can unite that there will be little time for those on which they are divided. The Republicans are not likely to assist him in this strategy. There have also been complaints from the Democratic North that Johnson is trying to "kidnap" their victory.

The Republicans too are split, though not so seriously, into Right and moderate wings. It will be interesting to see whether Nixon comes forth as the leader of the old Taft forces, in which case Rockefeller would be a rallying point for the moderates, or whether he veers to a position similar to that of Rockefeller. The similarity between Rockefeller as he will be in 1960 and Eisenhower as he was in 1952, or for

that matter Willkie in 1940, is more striking than that between Taft and Nixon. For one thing Nixon does not inspire the same personal affection as Taft, who was liked even by those who disagreed with him. But on the other hand Nixon is an internationalist which is a term nobody would have applied to Taft—not even Taft himself.

There were many minor factors which had an influence on results in one place or another. The recession left behind memories and pockets of unemployment; farm prices had improved, but not enough; continued foreign aid and foreign intervention in the Middle and Far East were displeasing to many, particularly where traces of isolationist sentiment remained; things were happening in the rest of the world which Americans disliked, so there were complaints of lack of leadership by the Government for failing to prevent this; the slow rise in the cost of living caused resentment, and so did the measures taken to prevent inflation such as higher interest rates. All these things helped the Democrats, but none seem to have been as important as the failure of the Republican Party as a whole to move along from the Right of the political spectrum to capture the moderate vote.

DENYS SMITH.

GOODBYE MR. GUTZ

By JOHN VERNEY

EHEU FUGACES . . . Twenty years ago this Christmas we shot *Mr. Chips*.

It was a real white Christmas, the sort Mr. Gutz, the Efficiency Expert from M.G.M., had dreamt about all his life in California, and the snow lay thick both inside the studios and out. Deep drifts all the way from the Dorchester to Denham, still deeper drifts—ARS GRATIA ARTIS—on the 15th century turrets and gables. In the Quad itself four hundred East End boys, dressed in toppers and Eton jackets, played merry hell with the tons of cotton wool. They came down daily in bus loads from Stepney—a few girls among them, we had reason to suspect.

Oodles of snow, too, on the Roll of Honour, though not so as hide from the camera the names of F. Drake, W. Raleigh and H.

Nelson. For it was a fine old school with tradition, and based, so far as the exigencies of the plot allowed, on Eton. I was some kind of assistant director, paid an extra ten bob a week for special technical knowledge—the only money I've ever managed to earn as the direct consequence of my education.

"Undo the bottom waistcoat button," I used to bawl through a megaphone at the lads (and lasses?) from Stepney. "And do up your flies."

We technicians weren't affected, as a rule, by the subject matter of the films we shot. We looked, and felt, much the same among Welsh coal-miners, Chicago gangsters or Cornish smugglers. But on *Mr. Chips* things were different, somehow. Partly it was Robert Donat, a greatly gifted, greatly beloved man,

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whose memory I salute with deep respect. His performance was so convincing that, hard-boiled though we were, we really imagined ourselves back in an atmosphere of prefects and fags and Chapel and pi-jaws from the Head. Then the Art Department had excelled itself. Those fine old stones in the Quad, those fine old hammer beams in the Hall, infected every one of us with something of their lofty spirit, so that those who claimed fine old school ties pulled them boldly forth, to wear without shame. No wonder Mr. Gutz softened up. Even Victor Savile, the Producer, became a fine old English gentleman—though he let the side down when we learnt, during the Munich crisis, that he had booked a passage to the States in the event of war.

The only trouble, in fact the occasion for Mr. Gutz's presence among us, was the "sked-ule".

What with English incompetence, and not shooting at week-ends, and the fuss about getting details right, and actors muffing their lines, and Mr. Donat's temperament (for it must be affectionately recalled that he had his moods) the film, which should have been done by Christmas, looked like extending into the New Year. And that suited most of us well enough. There were one and a half million unemployed in England at the time. The one million hung around places like Wigan and Ebbw Vale when they weren't blowing cornets in the Brompton Road and getting in the way of shoppers at Harrods. The half million hung around places like Wardour Street and Elstree and Denham. After *Mr. Chips*, what? was the thought which occurred to many. Still, we had worked hard for three months and were pretty sore when Mr. Gutz, under pressure from Hollywood, announced that shooting would continue for the whole of Christmas Day and Boxing Day. Even the fine old stones and hammer beams exuded disapproval. Only the kids from Stepney were delighted. They were having the time of their lives, and getting paid for it.

"I'm sorry, boys, but that's my jarb," Mr. Gutz said.

Before leaving Hollywood on this assignment he had been briefed by Mr. Metro, Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Mayer in person.

"See here Gutz," they had told him, chewing at their cigars, "You gotta put the heat on that limey unit. Wha-tha-hell do they think they're playing at with our money? If they don't finish the jarb on sked-ule, buy some more that will. We gotta have *Chips* in the can by the Noo Year, to get it distributed before the real shooting starts over there.

Chase that guy Savile, too. Make him sweat, Gutz. But go easy with Doughnut. He's barks arfis . . . "

So, in mid-December, Mr. Gutz had arrived, flourishing an iron studded flail like that terrifying picture by Low of Himmler descending on the Netherlands. He had the reputation of being a tough baby. And he was. Just that, really.

The temperature on the set, in spite of all the snow, was never below 100°, but he wore his teddy bear coat of palest fawn in all seasons. Beneath it a huge body tapered upwards into a long thick neck which, in turn, tapered without a noticeable break into a puffy little white face. The beady black eyes seemed less windows of a soul than two currants stuck, behind rimless spectacles, into an otherwise featureless duff pudding; you only saw he actually had a mouth when he smiled—because of the gold stoppings. He reminded me of some prehistoric herbivore—the Giant Sloth, was it?—doomed to extinction from lack of brain. But, brain or not. Mr. Gutz was so damned powerful you had to take care not to be squashed.

Of course, to greet him, we had turned on every tap labelled "charm". That's what old school ties are best at, after all. A suite at the Dorchester—where the plumbing could be relied on; and a small part actor, with military moustache and bearing, to drive the Rolls. The Art Department fixed up the M.G.M. motto in letters of gold a foot high outside the studio entrance. Mr. Gutz had never actually noticed the motto before—it always gets sorta crowded out by that Lion.

"ARS GRATIA ARTIS", he read slowly aloud. "Whazzat? Sounds like some dirty crack."

"It's Latin," we explained. "What they spoke in *Ben Hur* and *Quo Vadis?* times. It means Art for Art's sake."

"Well, what d'ya know?" he said, and seemed pleased.

It was only the beginning, of course, but the seed had been sown. A few days afterwards when I took an Old Etonian tie to him in his office—he'd asked if he could wear one on the set—he said "That motto—Arse what's it—what does it *really* signify, son?"

"Well Sir," I said (calling him "Sir" was part of the treatment, he loved it). "It signifies that it doesn't matter how much money a film costs or how long it takes, so long as it's a good film. If I may say this, Sir, I think *Mr. Chips* is already a good film. Give us another month, and I believe it will be one of the really great films."

GOODBYE MR. GUTZ



By then we had his office full of chrysanthemums and holly wreaths and paper chains. The continuity girl had hung a bunch of mistletoe from the ceiling, though we felt that slightly overdid it—like H. Nelson on the Roll of Honour.

Mr. Gutz stroked the whereabouts of his chin with a pachydermatus paw. I left him obviously thinking.

There were many signs, in the last three days before Christmas, of him unbending. He didn't actually break, however, till late on Christmas Eve.

Partly, again, it was Robert Donat. At that point he was playing Mr. Chips aged eighty-five and, by God, to see the frail old man holding his own among all those boys and in all that snow (we had the wind machine going and there was a blizzard) raised the same thought in every mind. "You just can't ask him to act right on over Christmas without a break. He's a marvellous old boy, but you just can't ask it, Gutz."

I was watching Mr. Gutz closely and I think I saw a lump in his throat. When the four hundred Stepney boys began on the carols there were, unmistakably, two lumps. We'd turned off the wind machine and the lights. The whole set was lit by them holding candles. In the School Quadrangle . . . Up to their ars gratias in cotton wool . . . And a fresh dollop of sugar icing on the Roll of Honour . . .

while they sang *Good King Wenceslas*—the cornier the better, for our purposes. Mr. Gutz took out a handkerchief and blew the whereabouts of his nose.

That was the moment. The Producer, blowing his own nose, led him obsequiously into the Hall where the fur-trimmed scarlet outfit was in readiness. The Property man had been sent up to town to buy the largest and best. Also the sack of gifts. Catapults for the boys. And a few dolls for those that were really girls.

"A fine old English custom . . . Would you mind doing it, Sir? On behalf of Mr. Metro, Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Mayer?" Victor Savile asked. He was wearing a tweed cap and plus fours and an old Harrovian tie—at least such is my recollection

Mr. Gutz didn't mind. Indeed, he was greatly greatly moved . . .

Later, the Property Man told me that Father Christmas's beard was soaked—but of course it may only have been sweat. Later again Mr. Gutz gave me the telegram to send and I remember the wording exactly.

It was addressed to "Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer, Hollywood". And the message read: "We gotta great, repeat great, picture in the making here. Aim to finish shooting February, but not before. ARS GRATIA ARTIS. Signed GUTZ."

JOHN VERNEY



By AXMINSTER

TEN OUT OF TEN is awarded by me to Mr. Graham Page, M.P. Not content with abolishing the pointless necessity of endorsing cheques, he is now working for a Bill that will make it legal to pay weekly wages by cheque as well. These, like William Willett's successful campaign for daylight saving, are actions relatively small in themselves which have immense and beneficial consequences. Such men light the blue touch-paper: we enjoy the golden rain.

Mr. Page has already saved the banks—and thus the whole economy—many millions of pounds and a great deal of mental drudgery hitherto spent in turning cheques over, and, if the signature on the back (which they had never seen before) differed from the name on the front, sending them back. His new Bill will achieve even more in the same line. Sacks of cash will no longer have to be counted—and taken from bank to factory by luckless minions who are inevitably coshed on the way. Gradually workers, who have hitherto divided their earnings between the teapot and the Post Office, will open bank accounts into which they will pay their new wage cheques. Their money, until they use it themselves, will be available for industry: though bankers can never actually be loved, they may thus, by being used and seen by so many more voters, come to be appreciated before it is too late. Furthermore this flood of new accounts will force the banks into electronic methods of book keeping—and thus do away with the many completely mechanical and utterly boring jobs at the bottom of every bank which keep salaries low and deter just those able recruits that banks need.

In the end, the handing of cheques to workers in lieu of cash may itself become outmoded, and sums of money will merely be transferred in the books of the banks from the employer's account to the worker's. And then this, too, will be done electronically. So that what was once fine bags of gold—sovereigns, ryals, and angels—will have come to just shivers in a wire. But

even if he does not end by taking us as far as this, Mr. Page deserves our public gratitude. He may yet save the banks from ossification, nationalization and decline.

★ ★ ★

SOMETHING OF THE SORT is badly needed in industries already nationalized. Can retired generals supply it? The Railways, coming up with yet another swingeing deficit, equivalent to two pounds taken from the pocket of every Englishman, lament that, unlike private enterprise, they are hampered by the necessity of paying interest on their capital. It is remarks like this that make one wonder. What industrial firm in the first rank pays no dividends, or defaults on its borrowing?

I particularly do not criticize Sir Brian Robertson: he is merely the best known of a class, whose problem, biggest of its sort, I use by way of illustration. Soldiers are trained in war to destroy, to spend money like water, and to demand obedience. Those cannot be the qualities for business. It can be argued that the head of a great organization need be no more than a father-figure; that he has plenty of subordinates to provide particular skills; and that therefore any eminent and proven man will do. But those subordinates, if they are good ones, will assimilate their master's outlook; and when they retire, their jobs must be filled, quite rightly, by the candidates who fit in best. The frame of mind of a good chief must permeate his staff. It can be argued that a man at the top of one profession can soon learn a job at the top of another. But after fifty a man's mind relies increasingly on experience. One does not expect the Chairman of I.C.I. to command armies in the field.

All this is particularly dangerous in a nationalized industry, where the financial facts of life are inevitably treated as faintly disgusting, and where dangerous "other considerations" are bound to confuse matters. Those who run nationalized undertakings may sincerely think they do so on business principles as rigorous as those of private enterprise—just as the recruit sincerely thinks he has sprung to attention as smartly as humanly possible, when first requested to do so by the sergeant. The sergeant soon persuades him otherwise and improves his performance: a business man would do the same for many a nationalized industry.

★ ★ ★

ON THE MAT

HEARING PINS DROP is becoming increasingly difficult. For many years everybody was given a vivid annual demonstration of just how much we lose by making so much noise—at eleven o'clock on each November 11th, when all the traffic stopped and everyone stood still. Now that we have abandoned—too soon in my opinion—this brief compliment to a noble generation, the closest substitute in terms of silence is to be had on Christmas Day, after lunch, when everyone is at home listening while the Queen broadcasts to a nation full of turkeys. If you stand then for a moment at your door you can hear how quiet England ought to be, and how it all once was.

* * *

ANOTHER EXTINCT SENSATION can be enjoyed at this moment in Oxford. Thanks to the Oxford Appeal, half the buildings are glittering as if they had just been built; the other half are laced up in scaffolding. Clean stones, carved, numbered and bedded in straw, lie amongst heaps of builders' rubbish. From above comes the scrape and clink of masons' tools in the hands of young men. This is what it must have been like in the Italian cities of the Renaissance, when a great deal of money and work was being expended solely on beauty.

There are a good many lessons to be learned here: that not only classical buildings, but some earlier ones as well, look best when their lines are clean and sharp, unblunted by age; that all forms of imitation stone are a disaster; that, while it would be a mistake to choose designs simply because they are unconventional, Oxford's new buildings must be really new, and not, like the terrible Nuffield College, dreary variations on an already perfected theme. Lastly, that it is pointless to revive the beauty of Oxford only to destroy it with traffic. Only by moonlight, or on the earliest of summer mornings, can the casual splendour of the High any longer be appreciated. Why do they not get on with this road from Magdalen Bridge to St. Aldate's, past Merton and Christchurch? Conclusively advocated years ago by Thomas Sharp, most sensitive of Oxford surgeons, it is, as he said, the only way of relieving this deadly pressure on the spine. It crosses what is only, after all, an ordinary grass field—and, from the profusion of buttercup and other weeds, not a very well farmed one at that.

AXMINSTER.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, National and English Review

PIUS XII

From Mr. Bertram Peel

SIR,

In "Episodes of the Month" it is suggested that Pius XII "might have prevented the entry of Italy into the War had he threatened with the direst sacramental penalties any nation which supported Germany after the attack on Poland".

I think you ought to know that not even a Pope has power to deprive anybody of the sacraments except in the case of "open and notorious public sinners". Since there was nothing in Fascism or National Socialism basically opposed to Christianity, Pius XII was in a position to criticize only the methods used by those movements, which he roundly did on many occasions, before and during the War.

Pius XII, a European as well as head of a universal church, should have added his weight to the British cause, in your view. You seem to forget that in those days the British cause was also the Communist cause.

The position adopted by Pius XII to European politics, both during and since the War, seems respectively prudent and courageous, bearing in mind the number of Europeans now under Communist rule.

Yours faithfully,
BERTRAM PEEL

84 Leigham Court Road,
London, S.W.16.

[We should be interested to see any evidence that Mr. Peel can produce to support his statement that Pius XII "roundly" criticized the methods of the Nazi and Fascist regimes. It is true that he was sensitive to any encroachment upon the rights and privileges of Roman Catholics, but we have yet to learn that he condemned those regimes for their general inhumanity and aggressive actions. The time when the Pope could have influenced Mussolini's decision, by threatening with sacramental penalties any nation which joined in an unjust and predatory war, was of course 1940, when France fell and Britain was left alone to sustain what we believe to have been the Christian cause. Reference to the Communists in this context is therefore quite irrelevant: in 1940 the Russians were still in league with Germany.—Ed.]



PENROSE ON PICASSO *

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

PICASSO'S favourite hat is an English bowler. An inherited set of Chippendale chairs, which had come by way of Gibraltar to his birthplace Malaga, are still with him, in use at his villa near Cannes. His father, the painter Don José Ruiz Blasco, was called by friends "the Englishman" on account of his reddish hair and distinguished reserve. He himself has retained a romantic response to Englishness, extending beyond his appreciation of English customs and English design. In 1954 at Vallauris he saw a blonde girl, Sylvette Jellinek, walking with her English husband. Although in fact she was French, he apparently "enjoyed thinking of her as an incarnation of his dream of English beauty"; and he painted, in the spring of that year, a dozen versions of her portrait. Seeing the English countryside in the cold autumn sunlight of 1950 with his English friend Mr. Penrose, who sets down these and many other vivid details of biography, Picasso was moved to say: "I am surprised young English painters do not make more of it."

Mr. Penrose has frequented Picasso for many years. His close understanding of his friend's personality and achievement is known already to the English through the revelations of the brilliant exhibition which he organized in 1956, *Portrait of Picasso*. The present book registers the jolt given to public opinion in London by the exhibition, during the spring after the liberation of Paris, of a group of Picasso's works painted five years beforehand. And it is surely to the English, who still can see so little in their public collections of the full range of his prodigiously various production, that Mr. Penrose addresses this painstaking account of the life and work around which legends grow. For English readers in the U.S.A. have in their wealth of public and private collections vastly superior opportunities of

direct acquaintance with the paintings, graphic work, sculpture, and ceramics fashioned by those fabulous hands. And from the Museum of Modern Art in New York issued twelve years ago Alfred Barr's *Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art*, which gave the informed public on both sides of the Atlantic a most intelligent companion for their looking, and for their use of the monumental catalogue of Picasso's *oeuvre* by Christian Zervos.

In order to keep the price within reach of as many members of the English public as possible, only the most crucial of the works discussed by Mr. Penrose can be reproduced, and those only by blocks no larger than postage stamps. Ideally the reader should have beside him the eight volumes of Zervos so far in print, to the plates of which continued reference is made in Mr. Penrose's footnotes. This, alas, will rarely be easy. Moreover it is much to hope, taking the extreme case, that the *aide-mémoire* printed here for *Guernica*, measuring less than four-and-a-half inches across, will enable those who have not seen the original to visualize it some twenty-five feet wider in reality. Some challenge to a reader's sense of scale is inevitable in the case of such a very large canvas—whose width dictated that it had to be tilted in order to fit into the painter's studio—though not commonly to such a sensational degree. But when it comes to reducing in reproduction the great etching of 1935, the *Minotauremachie*, to less than one tenth of its actual size, then the splendid quality of the original print disappears entirely, and with that almost the whole value of including a show of it on the same plate as the *Guernica* whose poignant symbolism it anticipates.

Interpretation and re-interpretation of Picasso's symbols has certainly an even busier future than it has had a past. This fascinating game is encouraged by the fact that Picasso himself never invents titles for his works. His own attitude indeed, as

* PICASSO: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Roland Penrose. Gollancz, 25s.

PENROSE ON PICASSO

quoted by Mr. Penrose, with reference to a recent aquatint is: "You tell me what it means, and what that old naked man who turns his back to us is doing there. Everyone who's seen it has his story about it. I don't know what's going on, I never do. If I did I'd be finished". Mr. Penrose is admirably sensible and suggestive about the problems of Picasso's pictorial language, and its rapid developments, free in plastic terms as it is, like his spasms of writing poetry, of conventional punctuation.

Conversations with Picasso, as well as curious observation of the morphology that the artist favours, allow Mr. Penrose to explain how the female breasts in the 1938 paintings were often accentuated by spirals recalling "Picasso's predilection as a child for drawing these curves which resembled his favourite form of cake". Solemn cheese-cake! But Mr. Penrose's occasional lapses into a country parson style of writing should not deflect attention from the matter in his method. There are also the dogs beneath Picasso's table to be considered. Picasso in drawing the head of the bull, of the Minotaur who is a familiar presence in his Mediterranean world, has more than once had in mind, so he has admitted to Mr. Penrose, the head of his favourite Airedale. Later an Afghan hound, Kasbec, was his inseparable companion. And Mr. Penrose notes how the profile of this very un-English animal "with its sharp sensitive nose became traceable for several years among the human heads that Picasso invented. In fact Picasso has told me jokingly that his two most important models in these years before and during the Second World War were Kasbec and Dora Maar". Later still, after the birth of Claude and Paloma, Picasso's children by Françoise Gilot, Yan, a boxer puppy, replaced Kasbec. Mr. Penrose then maintains, with the aid of a minute illustration of *Mother and Child with Orange* 1951 that "the shape of the children's faces in the new pictures reflected rather the round snub-nosed head of Yan". Certainly our chance of understanding Picasso's formal language depends to a notable extent on appreciating his attitude to animals, and to what is involved in the human condition appraised through them. Picasso is the man for apes and essences. And whoever in the future is to write his definitive biography will have to come to terms with them, as well as with the outward forms of the succession of beautiful women who have been his mistresses, and with the poets who have been his friends, and with



Roy Moore

PABLO PICASSO

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Braque who, in Picasso's words, "is the wife who loved me most."

The time fortunately is not come for such a book. But when the moment does come, the author of that will certainly owe much to the fact that the Englishman who has known Picasso longest and best has brought himself to set down what he knows, including some admissions by Picasso which he alone knows, in a full-length book. Picasso is the great artist whose activity is better documented for the world than any other that we know: by the printed word; by his fellow painters; by the photographs of Dora Maar and others; by the film of George Clouzot. But for the English in England Mr. Penrose's writing offers the first coherent introduction to all that he has done up to the time of the UNESCO commission.

MICHAEL JAFFE.

FORGOTTEN FAME

SIR CHARLES DILKE: A Victorian Tragedy.
By Roy Jenkins. *Collins*, 25s.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN. By Leslie Hale.
Jonathan Cape, 25s.

THE Gwynn and Tuckwell Life of Sir Charles Dilke, published in 1917, was notorious not only for the eccentric treatment which Dilke's papers received at the hands of his earnest biographers, but also for its refusal to treat fully and frankly of the divorce case which ruined Dilke's political career. Mr. Roy Jenkins, in an extremely able and accurate book, has remedied these deficiencies. He has asked all the pertinent questions, consulted all the available documents, and drawn as many safe conclusions as he can from the evidence. It is hardly his fault if the passage of time and the practised secrecy of politicians have together prevented him from solving the mystery.

It now seems almost certain that Dilke, despite other sexual peccadilloes, was innocent of adultery with Mrs. Crawford. Unfortunately, so badly was he advised by his lawyers and so lamentably did he conduct himself in the witness box, that the public, under the influence of a long and vituperative Press campaign by the *Pall Mall Gazette* under W. T. Stead, could hardly be blamed for its failure to believe him innocent. Mr. Jenkins is at great pains to discover Mrs. Crawford's motives in fastening her damning accusation on a man so powerful as Dilke, in 1885 the equal and ally of Joseph Chamber-

lain, the leader of a Radical group in Parliament and, according to his own testimony, the heir-apparent of Mr. Gladstone. It seems clear enough that she wanted to be rid of her husband, did not mind how she went about it, and may have welcomed the inevitable notoriety; those intimate details of Dilke's life, which gave Mrs. Crawford's story at the time so high a degree of veracity, could have been supplied for her by the unsavoury Mrs. Rogerson. J. E. C. Bodley, Dilke's secretary, suggested Rosebery or Chamberlain as possible instigators. Rosebery may be discounted, but the case against Chamberlain looks black indeed. Two days before her confession to her husband, Mrs. Crawford paid a pre-arranged two-hour call on Chamberlain, of which he never informed Dilke. If he did not actually conspire against Dilke, Chamberlain may not have made very strenuous efforts to protect him. First Dilke and then Parnell; there is a strong case for believing that Chamberlain was responsible for persuading O'Shea to begin the divorce proceedings which broke the Irish leader. If there is truth in either or both of these allegations, Chamberlain's cold and clear-sighted ruthlessness is breath-taking. It had no obvious place in Mr. Gladstone's world.

In the last twenty-five years of his life, after he had been excluded from office by Gladstone, by Rosebery and finally by Campbell-Bannerman, Dilke attained a noble dignity, as the respected Member for the miners of the Forest of Dean, which might never have been his had he not been struck down by the catastrophe of 1885. Mr. Jenkins thinks that Dilke, with "an instinctive and deep-seated loyalty to the Left which Chamberlain entirely lacked", might have prevented the latter from splitting the Liberals over Home Rule. This is a highly doubtful argument, in view of Chamberlain's character and political development. Mr. Jenkins handles the political and personal tragedy of Dilke's life with charm and sympathy.

To the credit of his Party, he is not the only Socialist M.P. to be engaged in worthwhile literary activity. Mr. Leslie Hale's biography of John Curran, the great Irish advocate and wit, the man of "fifty faces and twice as many voices", is a welcome attempt to do belated justice to this interesting and important figure. He did not deserve the oblivion to which, in St. John Ervine's phrase, "the short Irish memory for benefits" had consigned him. Few people today read his speeches; yet Curran, unlike Burke, was no dinner-gong, and the magnificent oration in defence of Rowan,

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which Lord Brougham regarded as "perhaps the greatest speech ever delivered in a Court of Law", is far more immediate in its appeal than any of Burke's studied performances. Mr. Hale quotes fairly extensively and always aptly from Curran's speeches; his gift for dramatic reporting is put to its best effect in the description of the State trials of the Rev. William Jackson in 1795 and of Wolfe Tone and Napper Tandy after the Rebellion of 1798. The chapter on that strange hero, Robert Emmet, is excellent; and Mr. Hale's plea for a reconsideration of Napper Tandy is timely and just. If anyone still takes a complacent view of the British government of Ireland before and after the Union in 1801, or professes to see in the regime of Camden and Castlereagh anything but a brutal and dishonourable despotism, they might be made wiser by reading this book. Curran was, in Mr. Hale's words, "honest to his principles when integrity was regarded as a weakness, a radical in the cause of reform and a liberal on every issue of freedom". He fought this tyranny in the last brilliant years of the Irish Parliament, first with Flood and later with Grattan and Ponsonby. The tyranny defeated them all, so that the personal triumph of Curran's career was darkened by the tragedy of his country.

John Wilson Croker, a hostile witness, called him "a wonderful orator—the greatest for moving the passions that I have ever heard". Byron was entranced by him; "He was the most wonderful person I ever saw." Hazlitt preferred him, on the evidence of his written speeches, to Erskine; Horne Tooke exalted his wit above Sheridan's; he was a match for Madame de Staél and (a high recommendation) a friend of Charles James Fox. It is almost impossible to recapture the essence of his humour, as Mr. Hale admits; it was earthy and natural, with devastating powers of mimicry and pathos, a blend of the peasant's capacity for vivid narrative extravaganza with the sophisticated and deadly raillery of the Dubliner. No doubt today, under the outwardly respectable aegis of the Free State, there are minor Currans on every street corner in Dublin. All the stories connected with Curran, and many more besides, are rich food for Mr. Hale's anecdotal appetite, and none of them are allowed to go begging for their paternity. This is a good, unpretentious book; what it lacks in depth and academic scholarship is more than outweighed by the insight and generosity of its judgments.

ANGUS MACINTYRE.

THE DELUGE AND AFTER

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Alan Moorehead. *Collins & Hamish Hamilton*, 30s.

THE BRITISH COMMUNIST PARTY. By Henry Pelling. *A. & C. Black*. 18s.

MR. MOOREHEAD is the current champion of what might be called the school of historical journalism. First with Fuchs, Nunn May, and Pontecorvo, then with Gallipoli, and now with the Russian Revolution, he stands well back from his subject, takes a long clear look and a deep breath, and away he goes in the kind of easy brush-work which distinguishes modern journalism of the more literate kind. Indeed, it is no coincidence that all these books have been serialized in one newspaper or another, and that this one was actually commissioned by the American magazine, *Life*.

Such "history for the millions", though it may be looked down upon by the professional, has in fact much to commend it. The serious students of the events in Russia from March, 1917, onwards, will probably bury himself in the immense work of Professor Carr, or, if he is more conscientious, go right back to the sources, such as Lenin, John Reed, or Sukhanov. But few of us have time for such a pilgrimage, and for the remainder Mr. Moorehead is invaluable. He digests these massive volumes for us, and serves them up in handy form, so that there is now no excuse for anyone not knowing the familiar—but not, alas, sufficiently familiar—tale of the Glorious Revolution which was so basely betrayed.

There is little here that is new. Even the extracts from the Wilhelmstrasse archives, which show that the Bolsheviks had more than the famous sealed train to thank the Germans for, had been published before, and they certainly do not amount to anything like a claim that the October Revolution was started in Berlin. Undoubtedly, the Germans encouraged it, believing, rightly as it turned out, that the Bolsheviks would make peace at almost any price. But Lenin's presence in Petrograd was not essential. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the real maker of the Bolshevik Revolution was Trotsky, and as long as Kerensky failed to take strong measures against him, the "Liberal" regime was doomed.

Naturally, as an historical journalist, Mr. Moorehead is at his best when describing action; he does not probe very deep into men's motives, and, of the central characters

THE DELUGE AND AFTER

in this amazing drama, only the Empress really comes to life. Rasputin is as shadowy a figure as he was in real life, and the mystery of how this revolting figure managed to impose himself so successfully on the Royal Family remains unexplained. Nevertheless, as a short guide to one of the critical points in world history, this book is hard to beat.

Mr. Pelling takes up a few years after Mr. Moorehead leaves off, and traces the effect of the tumultuous events in Russia on a handful of men in this country who appear, from his account to be (with one exception) rather pathetic simpletons. The exception is Palme Dutt, the real force behind the British Communist Party, and Mr. Pelling rightly stresses the part he has played in this shoddy story, particularly in the "purge" that he and Pollitt carried out in 1929, which finally deprived the Communist Party in this country of any independent initiative and made it just an echo of Moscow. If there is a criticism of this book, it is that the author spends far too much time on the political side, which does not really matter at all, as there is not the slightest prospect of the British Communist Party's ever having any political influence in this country, and not nearly enough on the infiltration into the trade unions, which is where the real danger lies.

Mr. Pelling's style appears a little soporific after Mr. Moorehead's, but his book is worth reading, if only as an account of how easily men can be duped.

PETER KIRK.

A HOMILY FOR THE "HAVES"

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. By Professor J. K. Galbraith. *Hamish Hamilton*, 21s.

THIS is a remarkable book; but it is not the revolutionary economic analysis that will alter the tone and trend of our times, as successfully and effectively as the writings of the late Lord Keynes. It takes as its topic the "affluent society" that American wealth and Keynesian full-employment have engendered, and questions whether they ought to allow production to occupy the paramount position that it does today in that economy. They have reached a position of affluence where, he argues, production for the sake of goods produced is no longer urgent. At this point, he continues, they are straying from the path of economic wisdom by striving via advertising to keep up the

demand for these material goods. He recommends that they should develop a theory of social balance, and place greater emphasis on public services, such as education, and on leisure. He acidly attacks the notion of "conventional wisdom" with a plea for hard and forceful thinking about the challenges and subtler problems of a rich and highly developed economy. Without question, he stresses, the cliches, the accepted imperatives of yesteryear, must be speedily discarded.

Surmounting this analysis, the main policy recommendation is what he calls "cyclically graduated compensation" which will enable the problem of security to be divorced from that of production, by increasing unemployment relief *pro rata* with a rise of the unemployment percentage in the economy. This would overcome any wasteful production of goods or services, merely to provide employment in a recession. The income so generated by "C.G.C." could be used to provide the services that the community really needs, such as better schools and hospitals, if we have a surfeit of goods. But would the policy of balanced economic growth be more practical than "C.G.C."?

Although there is much truth in Professor Galbraith's extremely well-written hold-all of observations one feels that he is oversimplifying the issue. His extension of Keynesian techniques is not all that novel or even necessary, for we could achieve these results through direct Government policy; yet any attempt to make us think about the priorities we ought to set up in our society is all the likelier to speed up the process of social change in this direction. So his stress on improving such social overhead capital is a vital prod to a dozing public opinion. But there is a surprisingly sparse comment on the relationship between this affluent society and the problem of blatant world poverty.

The major weakness in Galbraith's thesis is that America is not really so affluent a society; it is *extremely* poor in social overhead capital. It cannot afford to sit back and allow any fall-off in economic growth, for it is only through an increase in production that the other desired changes can be afforded. The central problem is economic growth expressed in real terms, and it is the direction in which production is canalized that is the crucial consideration. Galbraith tells half the story, but somehow avoids the full implications of domestic poverty in the sense outlined above and over-emphasizes the affluent fecundity of the American economy.

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A PERSON FROM ENGLAND. By Fitzroy Maclean. *Jonathan Cape.* 21s.

ALEXANDER'S PATH. By Freya Stark. *John Murray.* 30s.

CHARLECOTE AND THE LUCYS. By Alice Fairfax-Lucy. *O.U.P.*.. 30s.

ADELINE GENÉE. By Ivor Guest. *A. & C. Black.* 30s.

CHARLES DICKENS. By K. J. Fielding. *Longmans.* 15s.

SMALL BOAT THROUGH HOLLAND. By Roger Pilkington. *Macmillan.* 21s.

MOTHER CLIMBED TREES. By Cynthia Lindsay. *Hamish Hamilton.* 16s.

SUPERMANSHIP. By Stephen Potter. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 10s. 6d.

NEW POEMS 1958. P.E.N. Anthology. *Michael Joseph.* 13s. 6d.

INCOMPETENT to write about the politics, tactics, and strategy discussed in *The Memoirs of Field-Marshall Montgomery*, I can concentrate on the merits of the book as it strikes a general reader. The first three quarters are among the most fascinating pages of military reminiscences I have read. They are infinitely better than Lord Montgomery's earlier books. The *Memoirs* are lively, forthright and sincere. The author resembles the Malayan Civil Servant who concluded a memorandum with the deathless words, "This is my own carefully considered opinion, and I entirely agree with it".

The Field-Marshall is clearly convinced that things have happened (and could only have happened) just as he has set them down in this book, and judging from the plaintive wails from across the Atlantic, there is more than something to be said for this opinion. With the exception of some of the remarks about Sir Claude Auchinleck, Lord Montgomery seems to be very fair indeed. He disagrees with President Eisenhower's plans in Europe and calls him "that good and great man". It is worth noting by readers of the Field-Marshall's earlier writings that these *Memoirs* are set down in a much more direct and more agreeable style than they are. "Every word of the book was written in the first instance in my own handwriting", the Field-Marshall notes. The chapters were then read by the Warden of Rhodes House,

BOOKS WORTH GIVING

Brigadier E. T. Williams, by Sir James Grigg, and by Sir Arthur Bryant. It seems to have been a very beneficial scrutiny—the author was very wise to have it done.

Beginning with a quotation from the Book of Job, "Yet Man is born unto trouble", etc., the writer concludes, "I have often been a controversial figure. But my thoughts, actions, mistakes have been but human". They could hardly be anything else. The last two words explain a good deal, and most of all the writer's remarkable success as a fighting general and also his knack of stirring up resentment in the minds of more sluggish characters in the political and military worlds, who have not thought as the Field-Marshal thinks, and shrink back appalled at the idea of taking swift, decisive action when the occasion arises. "I have never been afraid to say what I believed to be right and to stand firm in that belief", and this accounts for the willing friendship he has received from two men of diverse characters, Sir Winston Churchill and Lord Attlee.

The *Memoirs* are a book which cannot possibly be ignored by any student of war and history.

Mr. Maugham is emphatic in pronouncing that *Points of View* is his last book. It consists of five long essays, on Goethe, on the Maharshi, on Dr. Tillotson, on the short story, and on four French writers. Discussing the short story, Mr. Maugham makes a remark which could be pondered with advantage by many other authors of fiction who turn critic. It seems that the editor of a new encyclopedia asked him to contribute the article on the short story. Mr. Maugham says that he refused because "I did not think I could write such a piece with the impartiality it required. For a writer of short stories writes them in the way he thinks best; otherwise he would write them differently". Mr. Maugham goes on to say that it seems to him that the article on the subject would be much more adequately written by a man of letters who had never written short stories himself.

This is admirable and history shows that Mr. Maugham is right. The other essays may not be profound but they are consistently interesting. The author's astringent approach is notable for its direct treatment. It is a pleasant reminder of Mr. Maugham's great ability as an all round man of letters.

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and Russians played what they called the "Great Game" down the length and breadth of Central Asia, Sir Fitzroy Maclean writes about them in *A Person from England*, which he describes as "something he enjoyed writing".

Readers of *Eastern Approaches* and *Disputed Barricade* will find in this collection of light narratives much of the lucidity, style and zest that animated these books, but I still think that the author is at his best when he is writing about his own experiences. That is what Miss Freya Stark does once more very ably in *Alexander's Path*, when she expands her Turkish journeys to Pamphylia, Chilidonia, the uplands of Cibyritis and the mountain passes.

Alexander's Path was traversed by jeep and on horseback. After three previous trips, Miss Stark decided to return, and as time went on she felt impelled to write down anything she could find out about Alexander the Great and the significance of his friendship with the Queen of Caria. Alexander spent a whole winter in the mountainous districts of Anatolia. Three years earlier he had decided to marry Queen Ada's niece, but his friends were made furious by what they considered to be an ill-advised alliance. Alexander was more of an explorer than an

administrator by nature, in Miss Stark's opinion. She calls attention to his readiness for the unknown; combined with military genius, it enabled him to conquer the world. Miss Stark was travelling in a direction opposite to that taken by Alexander, but her love of history, her interest in everything that Alexander did, enables her to write with fluency and colour about her own travels and Alexander's expedition. The result is a fascinating and very well written book, with a learned appendix on Alexander's march from Miletus to Phrygia.

Hereditary talent comes out in *Charlecote and the Lucy's*, as the author is the daughter of John Buchan. She does not claim to have given a comprehensive account of her husband's family and she has placed strong emphasis on the house, changing with the tastes of succeeding generations, but always essentially the same. It has become the property of the nation now after more than 400 years of private ownership. Half-way between Stratford and Warwick situated on the banks of the Avon, Charlecote is a charming, gracious house. When Sir Walter Scott visited it, fired by Washington Irving's enthusiasm, he found it "delightful", but the author comments:

Had he visited it ten years later he would have found that Charlecote no longer looked like an Elizabethan gentleman's country house, but what the nineteenth century thought an Elizabethan gentleman's country house ought to look like.

Charlecote and the Lucy's casts a ray of light upon an important aspect of the social history of England. The great houses are now more accessible to the ordinary citizen than ever they were in the past, but there must still be hundreds of owners who have not yet discovered what treasures they may have in their libraries and old muniment chests. I continue to hope that some day there may come to light authentic information about Shakespeare himself.

As a boy I enjoyed the dancing of Adeline Genée as much as I have appreciated any of her famous successors, from Pavlova to Fonteyn. In one quality, she has not been surpassed by any of them. Her sense of humour was exquisite, her timing something that had to be seen to be believed. London saw her first in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Her farewell was made on March 15, 1933, on television. Three years later, owing almost entirely to her efforts, a Royal Charter was granted to the Academy of Dancing. Mr. Ivor Guest's unpretentious

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book will give considerable pleasure to those who saw Genée in the flower of her success and to all students of the history of the ballet. It has always seemed to me that Genée's genius has been too much overshadowed by the great Russians who succeeded her. She has, in fact, a unique place in the development of the ballet, and Mr. Guest's tribute, *Adeline Genée* is a timely one.

So many books have been written about Charles Dickens that it might be thought there is no room for any more. I have not read a better appreciation than Dr. Fielding's short book, *Charles Dickens*, which he calls a "critical introduction". Lucid, knowledgeable, arranged in biographical form. I know no short critical study, with the exception of the Poet Laureate's magnificent *Shakespeare*, comparable in merit and general usefulness to this book.

In these days of widely publicized continental holidays, the Netherlands seem to get less than their proper share of attention. Dr. Roger Pilkington has done something to put this right in his *Small Boat Through Holland*. He took his own single-engined *Commodore* northwards from Flanders, through the delta where the waters of the Rhine, Meuse and Scheldt mingle in the channels of Zeeland, and then on into the Dutch canals, through the old North Holland canal, along the coast of the disappearing Zuyder Zee and across Friesland to Germany. The author has many interests and he ranges pleasantly from bulb-growing to the activities of the dyking engineers. The *Commodore* had a good trip, and Dr. Pilkington may have given some ideas for similar holidays to readers who like peaceful and comfortable holidays afloat. Mr. David Knight's illustrations are a helpful commentary on the text.

The exuberant *Mother Climbed Trees* is in the same category as *Auntie Mame*. Miss Cynthia Lindsay was dragged through life "like a rag tied to the tail of a kite in a high wind", and the kite was her mother. At length the author arrived in Hollywood, where her father was a well-known film director, and here she began to enjoy life, in spite of the fact that her mother's eccentricities increased and her interests became more peculiar than ever, including a Dr. Judson "whose approach to spiritualism was a combination of positive thinking, vegetarianism, and breath-holding." Miss Lindsay is consistently entertaining.

Mr. Stephen Potter has managed to

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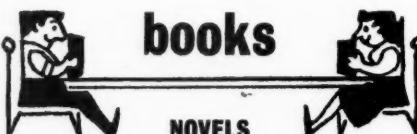
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squeeze out another dollop of lively nonsense in *Supermanship*, from the idea which started *Gamesship* on its successful career. Mr. Potter is a most ingenious humourist, and in giving advice on "how to continue to stay top without actually falling apart" he manages to get his laughs. I liked best his chapter on the "Superlecture".

The selections of verse made by the P.E.N. in their annual *New Poems* columns are always well worth reading, and the 1958 book is rather above the average. Of last year's *New Poems* it was possible to say that every item justified its inclusion. In the 1958 book, the emphasis rightly lies upon young writers, and the editors, Professor Dobree, Louis MacNeice and Philip Larkin have dealt fairly with all levels from the traditional to the experimental. There are both humour and beauty in Pauline Clarke's "Abbotsbury: The Swans".

ERIC GILLET.



THE BELL. By Iris Murdoch. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

OUR MAN IN HAVANA. By Graham Greene. Heinemann. 15s.

THE CAUTIOUS HEART. By William Sansom. Hogarth Press. 13s. 6d.

MOUNTOLIVE. By Lawrence Durrell. Faber. 16s.

A RIPPLE FROM THE STORM. By Doris Lessing. Michael Joseph. 15s.

THE TIME OF THE DRAGONS. By Alice Ekert-Rotholz. Cape. 16s.

INTERRUPTED JOURNEY. By James Wilson. New Authors, Ltd. 15s.

LIGHT ABOVE THE LAKE. By L. A. G. Strong. Methuen. 15s.

AND BE A VILLAIN. By Joanna Cannan. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

THE earlier novels of Miss Iris Murdoch were witty and clever, the early Aldous Huxley manner working on the stuff of the 'fifties. *The Bell* is in the best sense a serious book, though its surface is as polished as before. Nothing is easier to ridicule than an eccentric English religious community; the people are almost always, as somebody says in this book, "charlatans malgré eux". Miss Murdoch does not exploit the ludicrous side of the community at

NOVELS

Imber Court. She leaves it to be seen through the eyes of Dora Greenfield, a flighty young woman who has been ordered to report at Imber by her husband, who is working there. Dora makes mischief at Imber, not deliberately but incidentally. The real mischief arises from deeper causes, the conflict between those who stand fast by the rules and those who cannot abrogate private judgement. Michael Meade, the leader of the lay community, at Imber, which had originally been his home, is a homosexual who thinks he has succeeded in reconciling his natural inclinations with his religious belief, or rather, perhaps, that he has successfully sublimated his inclinations. Events at Imber prove him to be agonizingly wrong. Set against these amateurs of the religious life are the professionals, an order of enclosed nuns in the Abbey to which the community is attached. Rarely demonstrated, but powerfully felt, the influence of this "spiritual power house" pervades the book, yet it is Dora who weathers the catastrophe best.

The core of the plot is the discovery by Dora and the boy Toby, another visitor to Imber Court, of the old mediaeval bell of the Abbey, to which a strange legend is

attached. They plan to substitute the recovered bell secretly in place of the new one, which is about to be hung with some little publicity.

Miss Murdoch's technical accomplishment in this book is extraordinary. Every incident, every conversation, forwards her story, nothing is wasted, yet nothing seems contrived, except perhaps the two characters around whom, although they play little active part, the denouement turns. These are Nick Fawley, about whom there hangs an aura of slightly Byronic evil and his twin sister Catherine, who moves in an an aura of similarly romanticized sanctity. Neither of these characters seems to have organic life, they are there for a rather melodramatic purpose which is duly fulfilled. But the rest of the book seemed to me impossible to fault. No-one interested in contemporary novel writing can afford to miss *The Bell*.

There can be hardly anyone able to read who does not know by now that Graham Greene's *Our Man in Havana* deals with the fortunes of an involuntary secret agent. Jim Wormold is that constant Greene character, the man who is not a success. His wife has left him and it is to find the

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money for the whims of his pretty, greedy young daughter, that he allows himself to go topsy in. There are some exquisitely diverting incidents in the book, from the recruitment of Wormold in a public lavatory to the last game of draughts where he defeats his opponent by using miniature whisky bottles as pawns. But, even in a Greene "entertainment", there is "always another side to a joke, the side of the victim"; the comic episodes show a grim reverse, as in the scene where Wormold, knowing that an attempt is being made to poison him at a public luncheon, tries to get out of eating the contents of the American "blue plate." Who then is the victim, friendly old Dr. Hasselbacher, the airman Raul, who was not just one of Wormold's "inventions", Wormold himself, who "had no vocation for violence" but found himself forced to kill? The story is as brilliantly written as ever, and because this in an "entertainment", there is one unusual feature; Wormold is allowed to get his girl and she is one of the most charming and spirited that anyone could get.

Like William Sansom's last book, *The*

Loving Eye, The Cautious Heart is a London story, set in those shabby-chic quarters, urban villages really, where the classes mix and the incomes go up and down, but more generally down. A young musician, who occasionally plays the piano in one of those small social clubs concealed behind the Corinthian porticos of Kensington and Bayswater, is attracted by a young woman he sees there. Marie is charming, warm-hearted and independent, but she keeps a black sheep in her room. He is Colin, an incorrigible drunk and an inveterate sponger, and wherever Marie goes the black sheep goes too. The progress of the love affair is chequered by the necessity of getting Colin out of scrapes which get progressively more serious until in the end neither his garish but devoted mistress, Eileen, nor his devoted friend Marie and her reluctantly abetting suitor can save him from the police. We are glad when the harried lovers have Colin taken off their hands and off their conscience. But we feel that he'll be back. This is reading for sheer pleasure, if your pleasure is in style. William Sansom is a prose lyricist, whatever he describes flashes before that inward eye, whether it is a Sunday at Kew when the sun comes out suddenly before the snow has gone, making the glass houses glitter like fairy palaces, the curious islands of intimacy which love can create anywhere, even at Cruft's Dog Show, the twinkling decorum of the small select club shattered by the incursion of purposeless violence. It is not an important book but it is a very charming one.

If the style of William Sansom is like Dufy, lively strokes of bright colour on a flat ground, what shall be said of the style of Lawrence Durrell? A Giorgione landscape with lustrous somnolent figures of fleshy solidity, veiled under a golden light? Those who read *Justine* and *Balthazar* will get more from *Mountolive* than those who did not, but the story, languorously unfolded with every by-path of sensuous recollection explored, is sufficiently self-contained and realistic to make its own way. David Mountolive, who as a very young man had a deeply felt love affair with Leila, a beautiful Coptic woman many years his senior, returns to Cairo as Ambassador, to find himself involved with Leila's two sons, Narouz and Nessim.

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NOVELS

alism; the foreign communities, Armenians, Greeks and Jews, as well as the native Copts, the whole complex society unchanged almost since the Crusades, feels itself threatened by the Moslem surge. Where shall they find a new protector, something young and new? They smuggle arms into Israel. Magnificently evocative of place, utterly uninhibited in its exploration of passion, the book conveys the feel of an ancient, complex civilization in its death throes, while a not unintelligent officialdom tries to hold the ring. This is a poet's novel, but not in any esoteric sense; it is a presentation of real and vital conflicts told with consummate art and felt in the blood and the bones.

Miss Doris Lessing's reputation as a novelist does not depend upon graces of style, any more than, say, George Eliot's, of whom sometimes she oddly reminds me. Her strength is that of a sincerity which must pursue her purpose. Martha Quest is not the most charming of heroines, but she is one of the most real. *A Ripple from the Storm* takes up her story during the war years, when, divorced from her husband and ill-regarded by the respectable members of the community, she becomes involved with a group of Communists working in this small African town. The outstanding figure among them is a German refugee, Anton Hesse. Among the disorderly group of individualists, liberal Socialists, Russian sympathizers (for these are the days of Stalingrad), Trotskyists, and disgruntled airmen who want more liberty to sleep with coloured girls, Anton stands out as the dedicated Communist, ruthless in his endeavour to turn these incompatible into a disciplined unit. Martha is both attracted to and repelled by him. Some of the book, the too faithful recording of political disputes, is rather tedious, as such things always are, but it is not without point. It is Martha herself, always learning from painful experience, who gives the book its heart, Martha, and the occasional devastating glimpses of a shoddy social community, with the frightening dark tide behind.

The Time of the Dragons is a long, highly coloured and intensely dramatic book, crowded with characters and absorbing because of the writer's evident familiarity with a variety of exotic backgrounds. The central characters are the three daughters of a Norwegian consul in Shanghai. They are all by mothers of different races, French, Chinese, Norwegian; to the troubles of their

times they bring their own complicated tensions and desires. The book covers a span of some thirty years, from the first attack by Japan on Manchuria to the end of the war. Mrs. Ekert-Rotholz, who has spent most of her life in Asia, has brought off the difficult feat of giving a sympathetic picture of both the contending cultures, Chinese and Japanese; her own comparative neutrality as a Norwegian enables her to make some pertinent comments upon British and American activities. *The Time of the Dragons* should be as widely popular as the novels of Pearl Buck; there is the same authentic background, the same fascinating vignettes of the life of the people of all classes, the fastidious young Japanese Baron, alienated for life by an unintended insult; the old Chinese who recovers the light of his house, a beautiful grand-daughter; the Chinese nurse, faithful through the generations until a Japanese bomb crushes her among the mountains of dead at Shanghai; the White Russians, who enter the game of espionage with zest as well as from necessity —the book is rich to overflowing, and would fill the widest screen.

James Wilson is the third new author to be published under the Hutchinson scheme. There is nothing experimental about his work, it is sound, almost professional and if its central character, the young officer unsure of himself who leads his men into an ambush through an error of judgement, is one of whom we have seen rather a lot since 1918, the setting of *Interrupted Journey* is new and compelling. It is set in Cyprus and the conflicts among the civilian population themselves, as well as the angry frustration of the soldiers who are forced to act as policemen, are developed through the story with skill. The chief character is a bit shadowy, the girls are little more than the conventional film relief to an all-male cast, but the disturbed air of the unhappy island blows through the book and the description of the ambush itself, and Gidding's escape, is very good indeed. *Interrupted Journey* is a more than promising start.

L. A. G. Strong was a writer of quality and it is sad to have to review his last book, for he died some little time before *A Light Above the Lake* appeared. I don't think it is fanciful to see something valedictory in it. There are two narrative strands, the adventures of a retired doctor in the little Irish rural community, the doctor's own recollection of the tragedy of his past life. At first

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the earthy Irish humours play around with what seem to be an incongruity: it becomes apparent that they are in fact entwined. These people come to pay their respects to the old gardener, Philly, are performing a service for the doctor himself, they are helping him to make his last journey across the lake, as the amiable drunk gives his boat a "hoosh" and he rows himself into eternity, a state where nothing is lost.

Joanna Cannan is among those detective story writers who please by their witty writing and characterization and the contemporary feel of their settings. We don't want house parties and butlers any more. Yet a house party of sorts was gathering in the house of the smart and pushing young doctor, the night he was found in his surgery with his head battered in. There was the sister-in-law with the worrying love affair, the mother-in-law whom he had just arranged to railroad into the old ladies home. There was the tiresome middle-aged secretary he was getting rid of, in favour of the local beauty queen, whose fiancé didn't like the arrangement a little bit. There was a disgruntled National Health patient, who thought the doctor's negligence had caused his baby's death. Don't bother about who did it; your first guess will probably be right, but enjoy the sharp modishness of it all.

RUBY MILLAR.



By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

Klemperer's popularity has reached the pitch when some people feel it necessary to state that they find him over-rated, mechanical, dull. Even they, however, will find it hard to dismiss in any such terms his magnificent performance, with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. There is no point at which he fails. The slow movement can sound too long, the choral finale disjointed, but not as he interprets them. The grand architecture of the work is conveyed to us more clearly than I have ever heard before, even at the hands of Toscanini. Everything leads to the tremendous finale

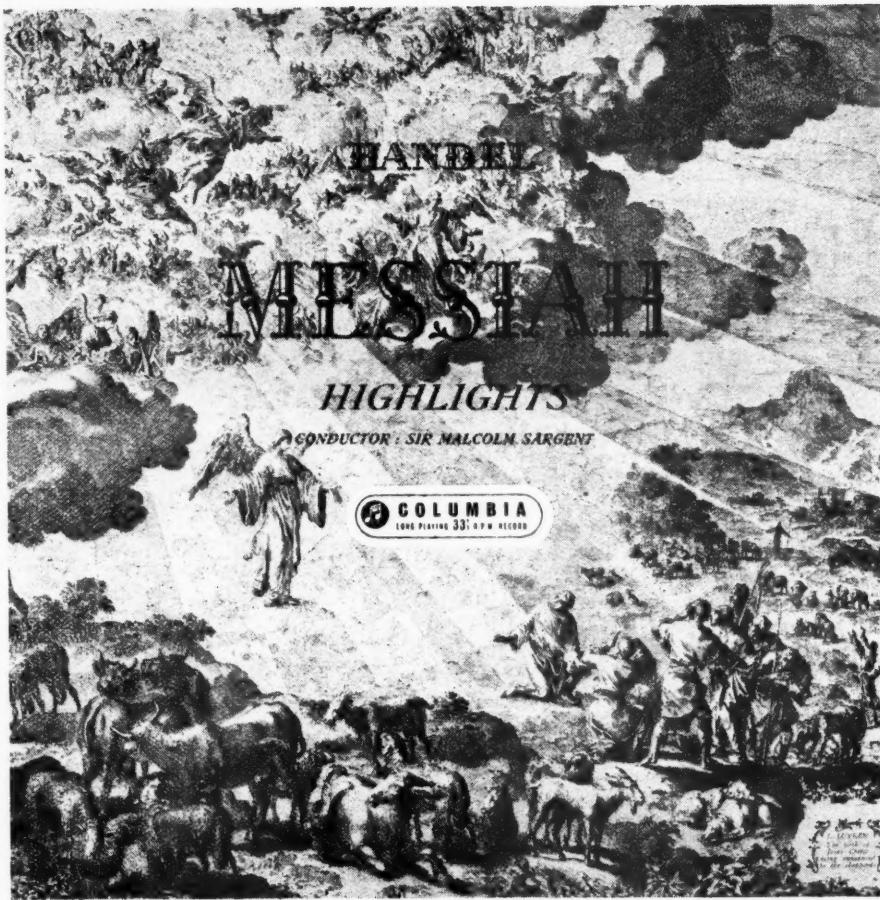
and so bears out Tovey's remark that "there is no part of the work which does not become clearer to us when we assume the choral finale is right". Klemperer makes us feel it is gloriously right. I was deeply moved by the quiet sections in the titanic first movement that seem to express Beethoven's complete submission to fate. Illumination follows: Beethoven goes, as he said, from darkness into light, the light that bursts fully out in the great tune of the finale. One could write pages about this masterly interpretation but it must suffice to say that the overwhelming spiritual experience of Klemperer's performance of the symphony in the concert hall is, as far as it can be, splendidly reproduced in this fine, indeed magnificent recording. The Philharmonia Chorus, a splendid untiring body of singers, are entirely worthy of the great occasion, and the engineers deserve a special word of praise for their achievement in capturing the large volume of tone without any suspicion of congestion. Hans Hotter, unfortunately, forces his voice in his opening recitative but merges well into the quartet, the other members of which, Nordmo Lövberg, Christa Ludwig, and Waldemar Kment, are wholly adequate.

If this were not enough Klemperer gives us also a splendid performance of the *Egmont* overture and Birgit Nilsson sings Clärchen's two songs from the play exquisitely. (Columbia 33CX1574-5).

Klemperer's playing of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, also with the Philharmonia Orchestra (Columbia 33CX1591) is more powerful than lyrical and will divide opinion. Much as I admire it I prefer Kempe, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, on H.M.V. ALP1545, in this work.

Bruckner is not everybody's composer but lovers of his music will find Karajan's interpretation of his Eighth Symphony (C minor), in the original version, very satisfying; it is beautifully played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and very well recorded (Columbia 33CX1586-7).

Solomon's unfailingly musically playing of the Grieg and Schumann Piano Concertos, sensitively accompanied by Herbert Menges and the Philharmonia Orchestra, gives great pleasure. He does not seek to astonish, he is entirely at the service of the music (H.M.V. ALP1643). Mozart's and Stamitz's Bassoon Concertos, with Harry Blech conducting the London Mozart Players, and Archie Carnden as the admirable soloist, make delightful listening on H.M.V. DLP1153.



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Comfort ye; Ev'ry valley
And the glory of the Lord
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Then shall the eyes
He shall feed His flock
Behold the Lamb of God
He was despised; Hallelujah!
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Sir Adrian Boult's calm demeanour on the rostrum is belied by most vivid and exciting performances of a number of Sibelius's *Legends and Sagas* (labelled volume 1) with the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra. They include *Tapiola*, *Oceanides*, *Nightride and Sunrise*, *The Bard*, and *Lemminkainen's Homecoming*. Of the rest *Finlandia* is a bit rushed—its lyrical tune is not given time to sing—and *The Swan of Tuonela* needs more repose, but this is in general a very excellent disc. (Nixa NCL16023-4).

The unfailing charm of Grieg's Incidental Music to *Peer Gynt* comes over very well in a performance by the L.S.O. conducted by Olvin Fjeldstad. He adds to the two Suites, the *Prelude* to Act 1, and *The Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter*. (Decca LXT5441).

Also recommended. Fine performances of Beethoven's *Leonora* No. 3 and *Egmont* overtures, Brahms's *Academic* and *Tragic* overtures, by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (Philips ABL 3225), and a delightful selection of movements from Tchaikovsky's *Casse-Noisette* ballet (which gives us the vocal parts in the *Snowflake Waltz*) well played by Efrem Kurtz and the Philharmonia Orchestra (H.M.V. ALP 1609).

Opera

Hans Hotter and Birgit Nilsson, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Ludwig, give an absolutely inspired performance of the final scene of Wagner's *Die Walküre*, and a very good performance of the duet in the second act of *Die Fliegende Holländer*. (Columbia 33CX1542). All but dyed in the wool Sullivan enthusiasts will enjoy an admirable performance and recording of Sullivan's *Yeoman of the Guard*, with a very sound non-Savoy team of soloists and Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Pro Arte Orchestra and Glyndebourne Festival Chorus (H.M.V. ALP1601-2).

Vocal

Music for the Festival of Christmas, on Argo RG148, contains carols, motets, and plain song beautifully sung by the Renaissance Singers and Choristers of Ely Cathedral, with three soloists, directed by Michael Howard. Two "historical" discs, that have nothing to do with Christmas, but will delight lovers of good solo singing are H.M.V.7ER5101, Maggie Teyte in five English Songs, and H.M.V.7ER5095, Elizabeth Schumann in four arias from Mozart's operas including her exquisite singing of "Deh vieni non tardar" from *Figaro*.

ALEC ROBERTSON.



A PROPERTY-OWNING democracy ! After house property, what follows ? A stake in industry—the means of production and distribution—through share ownership. So now the captains and accountants of industry and commerce plan to make it easy for the "small man" to buy shares.

One plan would enable wage earners to buy shares by instalments at the factory gates. Based on a special form of 'bearer' share, the scheme would allow the small saver to buy the shares of any of the companies subscribing to its terms, make him the recipient of any dividends paid from the moment of purchase and hand him duly registered shares as soon as the last payment has been made. Some firms have already undertaken to set up "share shops" and others are expected to do the same.

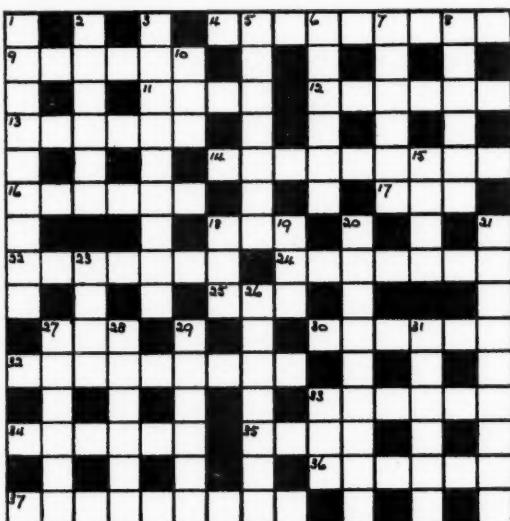
The Unit Trusts have also been devising a scheme to help small savers and there is a widely held belief that the Government may give some support to these plans because the Units represent a wide cover of investment together with expert management which the small saver cannot provide.

The third form of encouragement for the small man is put forward by some hire-purchase companies. This is on the usual "never-never" basis that the H.P. Company advances a large proportion of the cost (market price plus brokerage, plus stamp duty) and charges interest on the whole amount of the loan over 12, 18, or 24 months, making the effective rate of interest around 9% over 12 months to nearly 10% over two years.

An important general question arises from these proposals. Does the factory worker understand enough about the variations of prices in a free market in shares. If he buys shares in the company which employs him when the market price is high during a period of prosperity will he understand that his stock may decline severely in value if prosperity wanes, and that just when he needs to liquidate his investment he may face a severe loss on a sale? I think "the bosses" might come in for some bitter ill-informed criticism if these schemes are not preceded by a virile campaign to educate the "small man".

LOMBARDO.

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ACROSS

4. It's understood for osculatory reasons (9)
9. These may be worn on sleeves or a suit (6)
11. He's real mixed up! (4)
12. Brush off and polish again (6)
13. Does it help one to keep a cool head? (6)
14. Making an attack on a beast not feeling well (9)
16. List of duties, — but not a duty roster (6)
17. It's most unwise of mother to return (3)
18. Old bishop with nothing to do (3)
22. Perhaps train as a mechanic (7)
24. For doctors a Far Eastern island (7)
25. Amphibian coming in a relief train (3)
27. Ill-sounding perhaps, but exactly right (3)
30. A time to be dignified? (6)
32. It's reckless to dupe a novelist (9)
33. "Bright and fierce and is the South." Tennyson (*The Princess*) (6)
34. A score go in it over an island (6)
35. Not employed in Yorkshire (4)
36. A negro's changed colour (6)
37. Birds a Communist sets off (9)

CLUES

DOWN

1. Its charms make it almost synonymous with good-will (9)
2. Progress through life, — in a hurry? (6)
3. Like Keats' "bright star" (9)
5. Badly treated and perhaps sullied (3-4)
6. This is put on a head wound (6)
7. Make Mummy prepare me lamb (6)
8. Cause annoyance by getting off before the terminus (6)
10. Undermine, — a retrograde step (3)
15. I previously appeared in a Shakespearean production (4)
18. Half and half (3)
19. Frequently shortened (3)
20. They rake in the cash (9)
21. For the use of a bovine writer? (6, 3)
23. Confused riot in which only three take part (4)
26. Fussy person taking a clergyman in hand (7)
27. In this way some needlework can give comfort (6)
28. Demands selfishly about one (6)
29. An Irishman in a film (6)
31. It's cruel putting a French child in Germany (6)
33. She's a bit of a flop (3)

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